

The Nation and The Athenæum

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

A VERY small change in Mr. Lloyd George's following in the House of Commons resulted from the critical party meeting on Tuesday. Eight of the ten members who voted against the resolution deprecating "the publicity given to the difference between the Liberal leaders" were members of the Radical Group which has repudiated Mr. Lloyd George's leadership from the beginning of this Parliament. The two new dissentients are Sir Godfrey Collins and Sir Robert Hamilton. Commander Kenworthy, on the other hand, although he is a member of the Radical Group, voted for the resolution. The outcome is, of course, that Mr. Lloyd George remains the Chairman of the Party, and Sir Godfrey Collins, the Chief Whip appointed by Lord Oxford, will have to choose between working with "Ll. G." and shepherding an attenuated flock.

Meanwhile the determination of Liberals in all parts of the country not to allow the Party to be split by quarrels between their leaders has been unmistakably expressed, and it is now highly probable that the Federation meeting at Weston next week will be carried through without an open breach. The Executive of the Federation has found a formula, acceptable to both Lord Oxford and Mr. Lloyd George, which will be submitted to the National Conference. This formula adds the following rider to a resolution of "unabated confidence" in "the integrity and high character" of Lord Oxford:—

"The Council expresses the hope that for many years to come these outstanding qualities will continue to inspire the party, which, in spite of recent differences, earnestly desires to retain the co-operation of all Liberals in pressing forward a vigorous and constructive policy of social and industrial reform."

If the purpose of this ingenious formula were to reconcile the leaders of the Liberal Party, we should say at once that it was futile, but if, as we believe, it is designed to prevent a personal quarrel from developing into civil

war within the Party, there is much to be said for it. Liberalism is primarily concerned with ideas, not with personalities, and it is only on broad issues of policy that it is worth while to split the Party.

* * *

It is a measure of how far the public is from appreciating the nature of the forces which are in collision with one another in the coalfields that such hopeful significance should have been attached to the letter sent last week by Mr. Evan Williams to Mr. Herbert Smith. Do the public realize the magnitude of the gulf which separates the positions of the two parties, or do they suppose that, in the twinkling of an eye, either the Mining Association or the Miners' Federation can change its spots? For our part, we suspect that there is substance in the allegation of the miners that the invitation to a meeting had no other purpose in the owners' minds than that of propaganda. The owners are aware that their stock does not stand high with the public, and that Government intervention is a serious possibility. They desired therefore to create the impression that they are always willing to come to terms, but that the present attitude of the miners renders any settlement impossible. This interpretation of the owners' purpose is borne out by the account of the proceedings which the owners communicated to the Press. It is quite certain that the two parties will never reach agreement by themselves. It is understood that the Government are now seriously concerned about the prolongation of the dispute, and contemplate some kind of action; but, alas! the channel along which their minds still seem to run is that of longer hours.

* * *

Another full-dress debate in the House of Commons is expected early next week on the motion of the Labour Party, and we hope that this debate will do something to clarify the situation. Yet it is hardly likely to prove as useful as it ought to be. The Labour Party is de-

barred, by its rôle of the political wing of the industrial Labour movement, from making any effective contribution. For it is bound to take its stand on the unreasonable and impossible proposition, known by all its members to be unreasonable and impossible, that neither wages nor hours must be touched, and it cannot therefore press a reasonable course of policy on the Government, and argue the case for it so as to carry conviction. The Liberal Party is not so disqualified, and, in other circumstances, even the tiny handful of Liberal members might do much to discharge the true function of an Opposition. But the personal quarrel paralyzes Liberal initiative. Mr. Lloyd George, Sir John Simon, and others, may make cogent speeches, but they will seem to be speaking as individuals, competing with each other for *réclame*, rather than as giving authoritative expression to a strong force of public opinion.

A test case against a Trade Union district secretary, arising out of the general strike, was tried at Gloucester last week. The man in question, with three other leaders of the Gloucester Strike Committee, was charged under the Emergency Powers Act with the commission of acts leading to a restriction of the measures taken for the distribution of foodstuffs. The case for the prosecution (as recorded by the *MANCHESTER GUARDIAN*) was that the defendants wrote letters informing millers and other merchants at Gloucester docks that they must apply to them for permits to move foodstuffs; that pickets were placed at the dock-gates, and in certain instances permits were refused and lorry drivers turned back; and that a letter was written to the dock company threatening to withdraw union labour from the flour mills unless the company stopped using certain men on tug boats. Evidence was given by each of the defendants that they merely carried out orders sent to the committee from the headquarters of the Transport and General Workers' Union, but the district secretary was sentenced to two months' hard labour and the other three men to one month each. Notice of appeal was given, and the defendants were released on bail. The case is one of considerable interest, as a failure of the appeal would bring the question of an amnesty to the forefront. The Home Secretary stated recently that he had reserved a number of cases brought under the Emergency Regulations for personal consideration, and that they would be investigated with a desire to temper justice with mercy. This case suggests, however, that a very large number of union leaders may have offended against the Regulations.

The news that an Anglo-Turkish Agreement on Mosul has been signed, and ratified by the Angora Assembly, will be welcome both in this country and at Geneva. The Mosul Report and the handling of the dispute by the Council definitely increased the prestige of the League of Nations, and the wise decision of the Turkish Government to withdraw from their defiant attitude completes the triumph of the League. Further, there is some reason to hope that the agreement may result in a permanent improvement of Anglo-Turkish relations, and minimize the burden of the mandate for Iraq. The "Brussels Line," with one slight modification in favour of Turkey, is accepted as the frontier. On each side of that line a neutral zone is to be established, and kept clear of the armed bands by whom Eastern "frontier incidents" are so often provoked. A Commission under a neutral chairman will delimitate the frontier on the spot, and a permanent Mixed Commission will be established to deal with frontier questions. Turkey is to receive 10 per cent. of all revenue derived

by Iraq from petrol and mining royalties for a period of twenty-five years. Other clauses provide for a general amnesty in Iraq and the right to choose Turkish nationality within a specified period. We may at least hope that this prolonged and, at times, embittered dispute is now definitely closed.

The League Council at Geneva has been mainly concerned this week with routine work and such questions as the financial control of Austria and Hungary. Austria is to be freed from control immediately, but Hungary's release has not yet been agreed to. Financially she has been exemplary, but the affair of the forgeries still rankles, not unnaturally, in French and Czechoslovak minds, and a further period of probation may be imposed on her. Behind the scenes the composition of the Council is still the main topic of interest. Spain and Brazil are undoubtedly disgruntled—the former mainly with Great Britain for having withdrawn support of her claim to a permanent seat. For any substance there is in this grievance, Sir Austen Chamberlain is responsible. Spain was duly notified when Mr. MacDonald was in office that our hands were free on that question. It was Sir Austen who gratuitously promised to support the claim. There are many signs, however, that the way for Germany's entry into the League has been cleared by Lord Cecil's labours on the Composition Committee. Spain and Brazil now threaten to stay away from the September meeting; a far milder threat than that of attending and exercising the veto.

The tension in Egypt has been appreciably relieved by Zaghlul Pasha's action in advising King Fuad to entrust the formation of a Cabinet to Adly Pasha. The recent elections have shown clearly that the attempt to impose on Egypt an unconstitutional régime under a British nominee has only increased Zaghlul's ascendancy over the majority of the people. At the same time, it is impossible to ignore the fact that, in view of Zaghlul's record and policy, his acceptance of the Premiership would have gravely complicated the problem of Anglo-Egyptian relations. In the new Cabinet the Wafd hold six portfolios, as against three held by Liberals and one by an Independent, and it is obvious that Adly's ability to carry on will depend upon the degree of co-operation that can be established between himself and Zaghlul. Nevertheless, Adly's own personality and the appointment of a Liberal, Sarwat Pasha, to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs should be of real advantage in dealing with such problems as have been created by the resignation of Judge Kershaw, and Zaghlul's statesmanlike decision suggests that he has no desire at present to force a crisis. Meanwhile, Judge Kershaw has been granted a month's leave of absence, pending consideration by the new Cabinet of his resignation, and of the British Note.

Three young Conservative M.P.s have spent a fortnight in Moscow, and a fourth was with them for part of the time. This is in itself a commendable fact, and it is still more commendable that they should issue a careful and level-headed report on the things which they ascertained during their visit. There is no need to twit them about the shortness of the visit. They are perfectly frank as to that, and there are a great many valuable impressions which may be gained on even a brief visit to a foreign city. The impression of these four M.P.s does not much differ from that of other sensible observers who have preceded them. They conclude that the present Government in Russia is stable and has come to stay; and that "if political and economic

development continues at the present rate" it is quite conceivable that in a few years' time a system of administration not unsuited to the country will have been evolved. They suggest "that the British objective with regard to Russia should be fourfold:—

"(1) To check and ultimately stop anti-British propaganda;

"(2) To obtain a recognition by the Russian Government of pre-war private debts;

"(3) To get as much money as possible for British nationals to whom such debts are due;

"(4) To increase trade between Great Britain and Russia for the sake of our unemployed."

These aims bear a painful family likeness to those of the British Labour Government, which resulted in the preposterous "Russian Treaties," and our young Conservatives are evidently alive to this.

"The difficulty," they say, "is to know the psychological moment again to attempt negotiations, for abortive negotiations would be worse than no negotiations."

* * *

In the June issue of the *SOCIALIST REVIEW*, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald gives us what we must take to be his considered opinion on the General Strike. It is a highly characteristic production, full of obscurities and apparent contradictions. To summarize it is impossible, but there are one or two *obiter dicta* in it which should be noted.

"Owing to the false propaganda of the Government, those inconvenienced by the Strike began to believe that it was directly aimed at them and not at the general body of capitalists in the hope that they might bring pressure to bear on the mineowners."

What are we to make of this? Was it then in order that the Port of London Authority, the railway companies, the L.G.O.C., and the newspaper proprietors should coerce the mineowners, that the Transport Workers, railwaymen and printers were called out as the "shock troops" of the Strike? Mr. MacDonald asks too much of our credulity. Later he writes:—

"Some critics . . . blame the General Council; some blame the miners. The real blame is with the General Strike itself and those who preached it without considering it and induced the workers to blunder into it. It was not (because in its nature it could not be) of help to the miners. . . . It is best as a threat, but once exposed can no more be used in that way."

So far as we understand this, we agree with it. But where was Mr. MacDonald when the "workers" were led into that blunder? Even now he seems to regret that the "threat" is no longer available.

* * *

Portugal, it seems, is to follow in the track of Italy, Spain, and Greece. General Gomes da Costa, who has certainly shown ability as an organizer in mobilizing 30,000 troops for his bloodless march on Lisbon, appears as the patron of constitutional and administrative reform; but pending the carrying out of those reforms, the Governing Council will govern the country without a Parliament. There will have to be new elections; but the question of electing a President must be left until the unrest has subsided. All this has a very familiar savour. There seems little doubt that the revolution has a large measure of genuine popular support, and Parliamentary institutions have not worked so well in Portugal as to have earned any great degree of respect. Unfortunately, past experience does not leave us with much to hope from the forcible institution of a new régime.

* * *

The news from China is serious. The Tsuchun of Tientsin has seized the salt gabelle funds in his province, and replaced the administration by another of

his own. The salt gabelle revenue was earmarked by international agreement as security for international loans; it has been impounded not for the benefit of China, but for the aggrandizement of a local military leader, and it is only too likely that other militarists of the same stamp will take his action as a precedent, and extend it to the Maritime Customs. In that event three courses will be open to the Powers; to write off the loans as bad debts; to intervene forcibly; or to negotiate. Of these courses, the first would be costly and unlikely to secure unanimity; the second would be in every way disastrous. The primary condition for the third course, that of negotiation, is that the negotiating authority should command the respect of both the Central and the local authorities in China, of both the Westernized and the more conservative sections of Chinese society. That respect the policy pursued by the Powers during the past twelve months has signally failed either to win or to enforce. We again suggest that the League, of which China is an equal member, should be asked to intervene in all outstanding disputes between China and the Powers, and we believe that such intervention, with the co-operation of the United States, offers the only chance there is of settling both the fiscal and the extra-territorial problems.

* * *

Marshal von Hindenburg's letter to Herr von Loebell is not likely to make the referendum on the Imperial property work more smoothly. The old Marshal, it seems, was asked by Herr von Loebell to write out a manifesto against confiscation; he very properly refused, but was simple enough to follow up his refusal by a long letter giving his own personal views on the subject. As this private letter was quite as serviceable for a manifesto as any formal document, Herr von Loebell at once printed and circulated it. The advocates of confiscation are, naturally, crying out that the President is not impartial; the Nationalists are making full use of the letter in their propaganda.

* * *

Panic has seized the Coolidge forces in Washington as the result of the primary contests in several important States. This week in Iowa, Senator Cummins, the orthodox Republican, has been heavily beaten by Mr. Broohart, the insurgent, who was expelled from the Senate a few weeks ago with the approval of President Coolidge. The Iowa result is symptomatic of a strong movement against the Administration. It is partly the old resentment of the West against the control of the Government by the great industrial and financial corporations, and partly an angry protest against Mr. Coolidge's failure to secure large measures of relief for the farming States, which regard themselves as lying outside the zone of the loudly advertised American prosperity. Taken in conjunction with the recent defeats of the Coolidge senatorial candidates in Illinois, Indiana, and Pennsylvania, the loss of Senator Cummins is something more than a severe blow to the President. It presages an autumn election marked by a sensational turnover of votes.

* * *

The controversy of the London bridges has taken a new turn. It is now known that the Prime Minister is keenly interested in the preservation of Waterloo Bridge, and, within the last few weeks, both Sir Henry Maybury and the London and Home Counties Advisory Committee have reported on the urgency of proceeding with a road bridge at Charing Cross and a new bridge at St. Paul's. The Government is, therefore, to be asked to institute a special inquiry into the whole problem, and if, as a result of this inquiry, the City Corporation is persuaded to co-operate in the Charing Cross project, or, better still, the Government gives some financial aid towards it, the need to rebuild Waterloo Bridge will become less urgent. Its present plight has aroused national interest, and the L.C.C. would be well advised to take advantage of that fact. It should, at any rate, await developments.

FACE THE ISSUE

THE chances of an early coal peace are receding. We never placed any hope in the so-called "offer" of the owners, of which so much was made in the Press towards the end of the last week. In most disputes it would be something gained that the parties had got together again in conversations. In the present instance, nothing is gained, and perhaps something is lost. It is in the last degree unlikely that the owners and the miners, in their present moods, will make any progress towards a settlement in direct negotiations with one another. But such conversations lull the public into a false belief that something is going forward, and that outsiders can with a clear conscience turn their minds to something else.

We remain convinced that Government action, entailing legislation, will be necessary to bring this dispute to a tolerable end. And when we say legislation, we do not refer to the measures that will be necessary to enforce the reconstruction proposals of the Samuel Commission, but legislation directed to what is after all the central issue in dispute—the wages issue. We are as keenly alive as anyone to the importance of ensuring that the present opportunity of reconstruction is not thrown away. We agree that it would have been far better if the Government had announced their firm intention of giving effect to the Commission's proposals, instead of using a tentative promise of this nature as a bargaining counter, and thereby conveying the impression that they were not in earnest. With this, and much more on the same theme, we agree—and yet, and yet—well, to be plain, much of the reconstruction talk that is current among speakers and journals of the Left impresses us chiefly as a smoke-screen for running away from the main issue. The main issue, we repeat, is wages. It may seem unnecessary to mention so obvious a point. The settlement of a dispute about wages must, after all, comprise the settlement of those disputed wages. Yet, in how many of the speeches or articles, so common just now, which have a fine air of being "constructive," is any attempt made to come to grips with wages, to treat this serious question seriously, and to enlighten the public on the points on which it is really important that the public judgment should be informed? "The Government's fatal mistake was to concentrate on wages, apart from reconstruction." "The Government ought to show themselves in earnest about reconstruction. They ought to prepare their Bills to make pit-head baths compulsory, and to establish profit-sharing and the rest; they ought to introduce them into the House of Commons, and press on with them. . . ." How easy it is to speak like this! And, if no more is said, how cowardly and futile!

Assuredly, this shirking of the issue does not help the miners. On the contrary, it strengthens the impression that the chief obstacle to a settlement is the miners' obstinate refusal to abandon their impossible formula of "not a penny off." It obscures the fact that the attitude of the owners, not merely on reconstruction, but on hours and wages too, is at least as preposterous as that of the miners, and is likely to prove more difficult to overcome. It prevents the vague public desire for fair play, which may become the miners' chief support before the struggle is ended, from taking shape as an effective force.

We recapitulate what seem to us the essential principles of a tolerable settlement of the wages issue.

1. There must be a substantial reduction in wages, a reduction of the order of magnitude indicated by the Commission, namely 10 per cent., apart from the lowest-paid men protected by subsistence minima. The necessity for this reduction is inexorable; and it is gross frivolity to pretend that any measures of reconstruction can make it less inexorable. Our costs of producing coal are far too high; they are out of relation to the costs in other coal-producing countries. The disparity is huge, it must be corrected, and it cannot be corrected without a fall in wages. No really considerable reduction in working costs can be expected soon from the reconstruction proposals of the Samuel Commission. It is not in

this direction that their main promise lies. Collective selling agencies, for example, may be extremely valuable in another direction. At present, the tendency is for excessive competition to depress coal prices to a level which is unremunerative, even for countries with lower costs of production than our own. In so far as this is so, it is reasonable to aim at and to hope for higher prices; the closing down of uneconomic pits, collective selling agencies, and international agreements may all help us to obtain them. This is a strong argument against any attempt to fill the whole of the gap between present prices and present costs by means of wage reductions. We shall say more on this point later. But the disparity between British costs and foreign costs is another matter; and we cannot hope to build a reconstructed industry on the disparity which now exists.

(2) The idea of further subsidy, whether quasi-permanent or temporary, should now be dropped. With a 10 per cent. cut, the wages of the miners would still compare favourably with those of engineers, shipwrights, and other "unsheltered" workers; so that it would be utterly unjustifiable to subsidize wages in this particular industry on an indefinitely continuing basis. Before the coal stoppage began, as a means of averting it, there was a strong case for a strictly temporary subsidy, designed to ease the transition to lower wages. Again, when the General Strike collapsed, if the miners had been willing to return to work on the basis of the Samuel Memorandum, there would have been a strong case for the subsidy there proposed to tide over the period of negotiation. But there is practically nothing to be said for such suggestions now. The stoppage has already lasted for half the three months which we have come to regard as the normal life of coal strikes (though we shall do well to remember that there is no automatic mechanism which can be relied on to end them then). And now we are about it, we must really settle the wage question, not shelve it. From every standpoint, including that of the miners, it is far better that work should be resumed on a more or less definite basis, *i.e.*, with wages which, though they may be varied subsequently in detail, represent broadly the ultimate idea, rather than on a basis which represents a mere first instalment in reduction to be followed two or three weeks later by something more drastic to which no one has any clue.

Apart from a direct subsidy, it must be remembered, the State will be called upon to foot a heavy bill. The problem which looms before us of dealing with a large-scale displacement of mining labour, labour which is not only specialized in skill, but is segregated in areas where there is no other occupation, is a problem without a parallel in modern times. It will tax all our resources of constructive statesmanship. Incidentally, it will call for money on a considerable scale. We would remind our readers of the suggestions made by Dr. A. D. McNair in an article which we published on April 24th. It is primarily on the work of a Displacement Commission, such as he advocated, that the State should concentrate its financial aid. There are other matters upon which State assistance may be of the utmost value, of which we will mention one which bears closely on the wages issue—the question of family allowances. It is beyond question that, by the application of the principle associated with Miss Rathbone's name, a reduction of labour costs could be secured with less detriment to the standard of living than in any other way. The idea was warmly approved by the Commission, but it runs counter to a masculine prejudice which is as strong among the miners as it is elsewhere. There is a good case for a Government grant which might overcome this prejudice, and make a system of children's allowances feasible. It is for such purposes that the Government should keep such money as they have to spare.

The above are the points which the sympathizers with the miners refuse to face squarely, or on which at least they refuse in public to make reasonable admissions. By so refusing, they disqualify themselves from arguing convincingly the points which follow, which are equally important, and, by the middle-class public, far less clearly understood.

(3) An increase in working hours is a radically false remedy for the present situation. It must necessarily result in aggravating the displacement problem, and meanwhile it would increase over-production and demoralize the coal market still further. No settlement on this basis can be secured, except through the break-up of the Miners' Federation. We dealt with this matter at length last week, and shall not elaborate it further here.

(4) The notion that it is essential to secure such a reduction of labour costs as is required on paper to balance the coal budget, and cover the full deficit disclosed by the returns of recent months, is a fallacy. On May 27th, the *Times* published a letter from a colliery chairman making the following suggestion:—

"to request the joint accountants of the Mining Association and the Miners' Federation to state publicly the utmost wages than can economically be paid in each district throughout the Kingdom, it being well known that conditions vary considerably in districts. The joint accountants have all the facts, and could give the information forthwith."

This is a naïvely definite expression of an idea which, more vaguely, is very widely held. If this idea were sound there would not be much to quarrel with in the terms demanded by the owners in their pit-head notices. But the idea is false. The capacity of the industry to pay wages is not a definite statistical fact to be determined authoritatively by accountants. It depends very largely on the amount of coal we try to sell, and the number of pits we try to keep alive. It is not only that the closing of the most unprofitable pits raises automatically the average net proceeds of the industry, though this point is important. The main point is that prices have been depressed by the mere fact that so many pits have been kept working which ought to have shut down, and that appreciably higher prices could certainly be got if we were content to market a smaller quantity of coal. The owners call this "the false theory that prosperity can be attained through restriction of the output of coal and advancement of prices"; and their evident conviction that this disposes of the matter is a danger-signal, indicating what we must expect to happen if the owners are allowed to beat the miners in a fight to a finish and dictate their terms.

(5) Variations between different districts in the amount by which wages are reduced should only be allowed within narrow limits. Some variations there ought to be, for the present relationship between wages in different districts is the relationship which happened to prevail in 1914, and, as the Commission point out, that is an arbitrary and anomalous basis for wages in 1926. But such changes as are now made should be limited to the removal of disparities for which there is now no justification, and not extended to the creation of new disparities in accordance with the momentary fortunes of the different districts. There is a real danger that the latter course would serve chiefly to knock out pits in, say, Yorkshire, while keeping alive pits in, say, South Wales which are really less economic.

Such, in our judgment, are the essential conditions of a satisfactory wages settlement. What chance is there of the Mining Association and the Miners' Federation, assisted by the good offices of Mr. Baldwin as mediator, reaching agreement upon these or any other terms, now, or next month, or in August? For our part, we can see no chance at all; and that is why we urge persistently the need of minimum wage legislation, along lines such as we discussed at length a fortnight ago. It is quite true that this would not end the stoppage until the miners were ready to submit to a 10 per cent. cut in wages. But it is far the most likely means of inducing the miners to submit. To agree in negotiations to the principle of a substantial cut, when the whole prospect is indefinite; to accept terms suggested perhaps by Mr. Baldwin which the owners may refuse; that is one thing, and when you are pledged by clear instructions to do nothing of the kind, a very difficult thing for the miners' leaders. But to decide to go back to work on the basis of wages defined and enforced by Act of Parliament, to accept, as it were, a *fait accompli*, representing the best terms you

can ever hope to get, without even the moral ignominy of agreeing to them voluntarily—that is a much easier thing for leaders and miners alike. We suspect that the time has already come when they would accept the arrangement in that sense. But the miners' obstinacy is not the only obstacle to a settlement. The demands of the owners remain outrageous and intolerable; and the longer the struggle continues, the less disposed will they be to abate them, unless it be under the definite threat of coercion. A complete victory for the owners is not impossible; but it would be disastrous. It is the duty of public opinion, of Parliament, and of the Government to prevent it.

THE CONTROL OF RAW MATERIALS BY GOVERNMENTS

By J. M. KEYNES.

A FEW months ago Mr. Hoover, Secretary for Commerce in the Administration of the United States, declared economic war against those foreign Governments which might control the supplies or the prices of raw materials. His declaration had special reference to the scheme of rubber control enforced by the British Colonial Office and the Governments of certain Crown Colonies, but he also specified cotton, camphor, coffee, iodine, nitrates, potash, mercury, and sisal. Since few people inside or outside of the United States credited him with sincerity of principle or impartiality in the matter, in the sense of supposing that he would have been equally indignant at similar action taken on behalf of American interests, but assumed that his main object was to employ the preponderating power of the United States to beat down the prices of foreign goods imported by them, the response which he evoked abroad was one of outraged indignation at one more example—so it was supposed—of the willingness of Americans to cover up purely commercial and selfish objects under high-sounding principles. We sometimes forget that the United States is still enjoying, more uncritically than we are, a phase of civilization in which, so far from there being any opposition between commercial greediness and high principle, they are practically the same thing. But whether or not European opinion did him an injustice, the indignation aroused prevented at the time any cool discussion of the important questions at issue—and it may be useful to return to them now.

There are various ways in which a country may seek to improve the terms on which it exchanges its own products for those of foreign countries. It may impose import duties on foreign products or export duties on its own products. Its merchants may form combines or pools for marketing on monopolistic lines. Its producers may make formal or informal arrangements for limiting their output with a view to securing a better price. Finally, its Government may enforce a restriction of output or of export, or may produce the same result, so far as the consumer is concerned for the time being, by buying up stocks to hold them off the market.

These measures will be more or less successful in achieving their intention according to the urgency of the outside world's demand for the products concerned and the measure of independence of the country adopting them from the necessity for foreign goods. But, further, they will, in general, be more successful for a short period after their first adoption than they will be in the long run. For there are very few cases in which the outside world cannot make other arrangements given time. Thus, more often than not, measures to restrict or control international trade will, if they are intended

to be permanent or to secure abnormal profits, defeat themselves in the long run and be open to the double disadvantage that they injure the customer at the beginning and the producer at the end. The important exceptions to this general principle, where the producing country can expect to make a monopoly profit year in and year out by taxes or restriction of output, can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. There is the South African diamond cartel which keeps the price of diamonds at a fancy figure; but in this strange trade one might argue that the restriction was as much in the interests of the consumer as of the producer, since no one would want diamonds if they were cheap. There is the long-established control of the price of nitrates by the Government of Chili through an export tax, to which definite limits are set by the competition of synthetic nitrate. There is the case of Indian jute where similar opportunities may exist. There is the Franco-German potash combine. And there are certain minor commodities, where something which approaches a world monopoly exists or has existed, such as platinum, bismuth, cobalt, and quicksilver. Whilst the control of the last-named of these by the Rothschilds, at a time when it was the only known remedy for a mortal disease, may be reckoned as an anti-social act; nevertheless, the list as a whole exhibits how relatively unimportant to the world such cases are.

There remains, however, quite another category, to which, as it happens, most of the recent acts of Governments belong—where the object is neither permanent nor aimed at securing an exceptional profit but is temporary, and is aimed, on the other hand, at avoiding an exceptional loss. The nervous systems and financial strength of the markets in many staple commodities are such that a miscalculation on the part of the body of producers as a whole, leading to an overproduction which amounts to a comparatively small percentage—say, 10 per cent.—of the total production, can cause an altogether disproportionate fall of price. Now in some cases this fall of price leads rapidly, without any organised or concerted action on the part of the producers, to a curtailment of output which will soon restore prices to the normal. But in other cases, where the fixed plant is a large proportion of the total cost or where the complete process of production is spread over a long period, possibly years, as in the case of rubber planting, so that any curtailment will not take effect for a correspondingly long time, this is not so. The product continues to come forward in quantities which the market is unable to absorb, and, if nothing is done about it, the price falls to a level which means a ruinous loss and perhaps bankruptcy not only to the inferior producers but to the main body of producers. If this process is allowed to work itself out, forces will be set in operation which will mean in course of time a curtailment of output much greater than is required, with a corresponding rebound of prices at a later date to a level which is as excessive as the former price was insufficient. In the long run this violent oscillation in price and in supply will be as injurious to the consumer as to the producer. Obviously the world will be better off on the whole if it can be prevented.

The reader will notice that a combination of conditions is required to bring this situation about—an inability of the market to carry surplus stocks and an inability of the producers, acting separately, to restrict production quickly. Now it is not sufficiently realised that the commodity markets of the world are almost never able to carry any material surplus of stocks at a price anywhere near the estimated normal. They are organised to carry the risk and the expense of looking

after stocks in course of production, in transit and between harvests—stocks, that is to say, which are expected to pass into consumption within the year. But a short calculation will show that it is in the nature of things that they cannot hold truly redundant stocks unless they are tempted by a reduction of price ruinous to the producers. Market statistics indicate that a pure speculator will seldom run the risk of carrying stocks, particularly on a falling market, unless he has an expectation of profit of at least 10 per cent. per annum, and, if professional dealers in the commodity have been weakened and discouraged by losses on their normal holdings as a result of the initial price fall, the possibility of much more profit than this is required to tempt anyone in. In addition to this, the actual outgoings for warehousing, insurance, interest and deterioration will often amount to nearly another 10 per cent. per annum. Thus if it seems that the stocks may not be absorbed for more than (say) two years, there is a reason for prices to fall as much as 40 per cent. below the estimated normal price.

On the other hand, the producers, acting independently, may, if they have laid their plans for a given scale of production, and have already incurred a large part of the costs, find it better worth while to continue at a loss rather than to close down. Curtailment will not be worth while unless it results in a better price; yet one individual's curtailing will, in itself, scarcely affect the price which he will get for the balance of his output.

Where the industry is in a few strong hands, the necessary curtailment may be arranged by agreement. But if there are many, small, and perhaps ignorant, producers, and if, besides, the industry is the main occupation of the place, so that its bankruptcy involves the general ruin of the country and no one has any alternative occupation to which he can turn, then it seems to me both inevitable and right that the Government should intervene. It is *laissez-faire* gone crazy to maintain the contrary.

Now the Government, when it acts, has to decide in which quarter it will attack. It can supplement the deficient carrying power of the market by buying up stocks—the Bawra organisation for dealing with Australian wool during the war, the Bandeong tin pool of 1921 by the Governments of the Straits Settlements and the Dutch East Indies, and the various coffee valorisation schemes of the Sao Paulo and Brazilian Governments have been of this character. Alternatively, it can restrict output or at any rate export, as in the case of the Rubber Restriction Scheme and the imminent Cuban Sugar restriction. The Egyptian Government has applied both methods at different times to the case of Egyptian cotton. The former class of action is, for obvious reasons, much more popular with producers, and sometimes it may prove the right course. But it is much more dangerous for the Government, since, unless great skill is exercised, a lasting condition of over-production may be encouraged, until the stocks have reached a level where the Government can carry no more.

I argue, therefore, that there is all the difference in the world between a case where a Government is endeavouring to exploit a monopoly or a position of economic advantage, and where it is endeavouring to protect one of its staple industries from bankruptcy and the consumer from violent oscillations of price below and above the normal selling price. In the former class the cases where it will be successful in the long run and will not in the end defeat its own objects are somewhat rare. Anyhow, these attempts at national profiteering tend to impoverish the world as a whole, and are

examples, if anything is, of bad international practice. In the latter class the consumer is benefited in the long run, and if they are carried out judiciously, the world as a whole is richer. For it would not have benefited consumers of rubber in the end, if all new rubber planting had been stopped and existing plantations abandoned to the weeds of the tropics.

Let us examine Mr. Hoover's position in the light of this argument. As a member of the Republican Administration which is committed to one of the highest protective tariffs in the world, he cannot be opposed to this kind of Governmental interference to raise prices or to injure foreign producers. As an administrator of the Webb Act, which provides that American exporters shall be freed from the restrictions of the Sherman anti-trust law against combines at home, he cannot be an opponent of the exploitation of the foreigner by private monopoly. As a colleague of Mr. Mellon, on the one hand, Secretary of the Treasury, and on the other hand, the power behind the Aluminium Company of America, which controls the price of aluminium throughout the world, he must be able to control his indignation against such practices. As a subordinate of President Coolidge, who supported but a few weeks ago a measure which would advance financial aid to farmers who desire to hold crops in expectation of a rising market, he must at least have learnt to suffer these notions in silence. Finally, as an advocate of the Cuban Sugar Restriction, he has seemed to fall in with my argument as to the essentially reasonable character of measures of this kind.

If the Eastern rubber producers aim at maintaining permanently a price level above the eventual cost of production elsewhere, Mr. Hoover is justified in encouraging production in new districts. He is also entitled to denounce tariffs and all public and private instruments of international monopoly as examples of bad international practice, provided he is ready to apply his principles impartially all round. But I think that he would do well to make an exception in favour of all schemes the primary object of which is not to make abnormal profits but to avoid abnormal losses. If he is interested in general principles, he might think the matter over again with this criterion in view.

LORD OX AND BRER GOAT

"ONE time," said Uncle Remus, "one time, way back yander, 'fo' you wuz borned, honey, en 'fo' Mars John er Miss Sally wuz borned—way back yander 'fo' enny un us wuz borned, de anemils en de beastesses dez went sorter 'lecshuneerin' roun' 'mung deyselves, dey did, mo' samer dan folks."

"What did they do, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"I kin scacely call to mine 'zackly w'at dey did do, but dey spoke speeches, en hollered, en cusst, en flung der langwidge 'roun' des like w'en yo' daddy wuz gwineter run fer de legislater en got lef'. Lord Ox an' Lord Grey Eagle dey wuz at de head er one gang, dey wuz, en ole Brer Goat he 'lowed dat he 'ud go in 'long wid 'um. Ole Lord Ox he had his s'picions 'bout Brer Goat, but he ain't makin' no 'jection, an' Brer Goat tuck his seat in de big cheer at de party meetin's.

"Bimeby dere wuz a mighty big fuss cos de creeturs 'fused fer ter wuk fer de oberseers an' hit look des zo dey all gwineter starve. Den Lord Ox he call tergedder all de gang in wot he call de Shadder Cab'nit an' dey all 'greed 'bout wat dey gwineter do.

" 'You do de leadin', Lord Ox,' sez Brer Goat, sezee, 'an' I'll do de rushin' roun', sezee.

"Den Lord Ox an' Lord Grey Eagle dey set out fer ter lead all de yuther creeturs out er de trubble wot dey wuz in, an' Brer Goat he started rushin' roun' an' buttin' in yere an' buttin' in dere des like he all'us had adone an' all'us wull.

" 'You foller 'long er me, Brer Goat,' sez Lord Ox, sezee.

" 'Dar's too many folks a-follerin' 'long er you, Lord Ox,' sez Brer Goat, sezee, 'I'm feared dey trample on me,' sezee.

" 'Come up in de clou's wi' me, Brer Goat,' sez Lord Grey Eagle, sezee.

" 'I'm feared you let me drap, Lord Eagle,' 'spon' Brer Goat. 'I'll des go rushin' roun' an' buttin' in like I allus does,' sezee.

"Now dis mak' Lord Ox an' Lord Grey Eagle mighty mad, an' bimeby, when de trubble was 'most over, Lord Ox he call tergedder all de Shadder Cab'nit, 'cept Brer Goat an' his frien's, an' he 'lowed dat he done have 'nough 'er Brer Goat, dat he couldn't put no 'penance in him, an' dat he gwineter do 'way wid him. Dey wuz all 'greed 'bout dis, cos dar wusn't a man dar wot hadn't been fooled by Brer Goat one time or 'nudder an' dey was all glad fer a chance fer ter git dere own back on him.

"So nex' time Lord Ox come up wid Brer Goat, he 'termind for to have it out wid him.

" 'I 'speck I got you dis time, Brer Goat,' sez Lord Ox, sezee, 'maybe I ain't, but I 'speck I is. You been runnin' roun' here sassin' atter me a mighty 'long time, but I 'speck you done come to de en' er de row. You bin cuttin' up yo' capers en bouncin' roun' in dis naberhood ontwel you cum ter b'leeve yo'se'f de boss er de whole gang. En den youer allers some'rs whar you got no bizness,' sez Lord Ox, sezee. 'Who ax you fer ter come en butt in on dis yer crisis?' sezee. 'Nobody in de roun' worril. You des tuck en butted yo' head plum in de middle ob it widout waitin' fer enny invite,' sez Lord Ox, sezee, 'en dar you is, en dar you'll stay, cos I'm done wid you,' sezee.

"Den Brer Goat talk mighty 'umble: 'I don' know wat I done ter 'fend you, Lord Ox,' sez Brer Goat, sezee, 'but if you'll let me off des dis once,' sezee, 'I'll never do it no mo',' sezee.

" 'Oh, no, Brer Goat, I bin fooled by your befo',' sez Lord Ox, 'but I ain't gwineter be fooled no mo',' sezee.

" 'W'at I bin doin', Lord Ox? How I bin foolin' you?'

"Den Lord Ox laff, en make like he dunno, but he keep on talkin':

" 'Oh, no, Brer Goat! You ain't de man wot broke up my Cab'nit. Oh no, you ain't de man. I boun' you ain't. You ain't de man wot trick de 'lectors atter de war. 'Bout dat time, you wuz at home wid yo' fambly, whar you allers is. You ain't de man wot kep yo' fun' er money ter yo'se'f fo' you' own purp'ses. I dunno who you is,' sez Lord Ox, sezee, 'an' I don' wanten,' sezee.

"Den Brer Goat he sorter wunk de furdest eye fum Lord Ox, and he talk like he mighty skeered, he did, en he up 'n say: 'Oh, pray, Lord Ox, lemme off dis time,' sezee. 'I won't never do so no mo'. Mos' de fun' bin use up at de 'lections,' sezee, 'but I ain't keerin' wat you do wid de res',' sezee. 'You des wait yere an' I'll run an' get it.' En wid dat he skip out des ez lively ez a cricket in de embers."

"And did the Goat come back with the money,

Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy, as the old man paused to light his pipe.

"Bless grashus, honey, dat he didn't. Who? Him? You dunno nuthin' 't all 'bout Brer Goat if dat's de way you puttin' him down. W'at he gwine ter do dat fer? I 'speck dat 'uz de reas'n w'at make ole Brer Goat get 'long so well, kase he ain't copy atter none er de yuther creeturs. W'en he make his disappearance 'fo 'um, hit 'uz allus in some bran new place. Dey ain't no wharbouts fer ter watch out fer 'im. He wuz the funniest creetur er de whole gang. Some folks moughter call him lucky, en yet, w'en he git in bad luck, hit look lak he mos' allers come out on top. Hit look mighty kuse now, but 't wan't kuse in dem days, kaze hit uz done gun up dat, strike 'im w'en you might en whar you would, Brer Goat wuz de soopless creetur gwine."

"But did he go clean away, Uncle Remus?" inquired the little boy.

"Co'se he didn't, honey," replied the old man. "'Fo' you begins fer ter wipe yo' eyes 'bout Brer Goat, you wait en see whar 'bouts Brer Goat gwineter fetch up at. He mouter stayed sorter close twel de pitch rub off'n his ha'r, but twern't menny days 'fo' he wuz lopin' up en down de naberhood same ez ever, en I dunno ef he wern't mo' sassier dan befo'."

"How did he get the pitch on his hair?" persisted the little boy. "You didn't say anything about that."

"One ef de tadpoles dat foller'd Lord Ox splattered it ober him, honey, an' some on it stuck," replied Uncle Remus. "But dat's needer yer ner dar. I hear Miss Sally callin'. You better run 'long."

PETER IBBETSON.

LIFE AND POLITICS

THE obvious reading of the Parliamentary Party meeting is that the Oxford letter has caused an irremediable split. All is confusion at the moment, and it is not safe to assume this. The Oxford minority do not yet know what to do, and it is possible that they will, after all, try to preserve the appearance of unity in the House—at any rate until they see what happens outside. Failing a magnanimous gesture which Lord Oxford was hardly likely to make, the result of Tuesday's meeting was inevitable. Lord Oxford sent the curt message that he had nothing to add, nothing to retract. The reconcilers in the meeting—the men who know what the constituencies think of this wretched business—failed to find a way of escape. The immediate victory was left with the master-tactician who, having the initial advantage of being in the right over the cause of the quarrel, had carefully marshalled his forces for the critical engagement.

Mr. Baldwin, "the man of the hour," is having his usual uncanny luck. The smoke clouds of the Liberal Party ferment form for him a very opportune screen. If the Liberals could have stuck together on a policy of Liberal criticism, what a chance there would have been for a punishing debate on the Government responsibility for the strike! It is a scandal that Mr. Baldwin has not been, and perhaps never will be, brought to book over the delays, bungles, and general mismanagement preceding the strike. No Government has ever got off so lightly. It is the old story: people will attend to nothing in politics that is not dramatic, personal—one might almost say that is not Lloyd George. He is forced into the full glare of the limelight, whatever he does or does not

do, and a public stimulated to the cheaply dramatic by the cinema and the stunt Press takes its free seat and hisses or applauds. Somewhere in the background, unregarded, a million mine workers tighten their belts. And Mr. Baldwin smokes his pipe.

"Many were the wit-combats between Lloyd George and Asquith. I beheld them like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Asquith, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid but slow in his performances. Lloyd George, like the latter, lesser in bulk but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention." The Manchester speech leads me to do this violence to old Fuller's famous description of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson arguing at the "Mermaid." What a dexterous performance! It dissolves the bitter controversy in humour. The speech was indeed an irresistible blend of playfulness and emotion. A word of vituperation would have spoiled the effect. Is it Bergson who defines the mirth-provoking element in man as a certain mechanical rigidity—a slowness of adaptation to the movement of life? Mr. Lloyd George calls the Whigs "the grand immutables," and allows himself a laugh. Well, the laugh, as they say, is with him.

"From inquiries he had made he found that Mr. Lloyd George had had talks with the more moderate of the Labour leaders to see how far he could co-operate with them to get things done which both parties were anxious to see done." I retrieve this sentence from a speech by Mr. Ramsay Muir at Rochdale, because it seems to me, all things considered, the most interesting thing in this week's oratory. The Pringles of the Liberal Party will, of course, find in it the confirmation of their most sinister suspicions. Except to worshippers of the idol of party is there anything in such "talks"—assuming Mr. Muir has got his facts right—that is not sensible, indeed inevitable? Does anyone outside the iron circle of the precisians look forward to anything but some form of Liberal-Labour co-operation in the next Parliament? If so, why on earth should Liberals and moderate Labour men not explore the ground in advance? The only retort possible would be that Liberals do not want to "get things done," which is absurd. If it is a sin in Mr. Lloyd George to busy himself with getting things done, he is the most persistently wicked of politicians. Most of us who believe in progress and fear the power of vested interests whether entrenched in a party or anywhere else—most of us, I say, would be willing to be miserable sinners in his company.

Over the coffee-cups at the club the other day a friend, whose word I can trust, told me this story (we had been talking about Lloyd George and the land): A man I know, he said, had a farm into which he had put much labour, money, and skill. He specialized on breeding fine cattle, and got very good prices. He had an excellent landlord who treated him well. But his landlord died and the estate was sold. The new landowner raised the rents of his farms, and he did it in this way. There was one badly cultivated farm in another part of the estate. That farmer was raised only 5 per cent. But the rent of the man I'm talking about was raised 55 per cent. He was furious, and wouldn't stand it. He gave his farm up—cleared out altogether; and took to something else. Of course, he got compensation for improvements, but what was that? The country has lost a good farmer. Lloyd George is right, "Security is the keyword." Now, I don't pretend that there is anything remarkable in this anecdote. I tell it chiefly because I

was struck by the fact that it made an impression on me far sharper than anything I ever got from the conscientious study of Green books and speeches. The direct word spoken by a man in whose knowledge one trusts is curiously effective as against printed propaganda. One cannot digest one's political facts without a little sauce of emotion. Lloyd George never forgets that.

I was in at the birth of the first garden city, and have watched it grow to the lusty majority, which is being celebrated this week. One interesting point about the garden city movement is, that it is the creation of an unknown and unimportant man. Mr. Ebenezer Howard was, I believe, a shorthand writer in the law courts. He wrote a little book, and out of it have grown actual communities of human beings, solid, complete, here and in many other lands. That is a wonderful achievement. The soil, of course, was ready for the seed. The ferment of Ruskin and Morris had worked in men's minds; we were sick and ashamed of the brutal squalor of commercial urban development. Building and land were cheap in those days, and the thing could get done. Naturally the achievement has fallen far short of the ideal; the hope of creating self-contained communities in which industry could be domesticated without destruction of beauty has been only partially fulfilled, and also the very poor remain largely outside the charmed circle of garden city amenities. The post-war rise in prices has made compromise more necessary than before. Still, we honour the pioneers who showed that intelligence and the social sense can break the tyranny of the jerry-builder who for generations has degraded the setting of our lives.

The disputed origin of Mrs. Grundy provides another "headache for the historian" in Mr. Punch's phrase. I was brought up to believe that she made her first appearance in an obscure late eighteenth-century comedy called "Speed the Plough," which Professor Allardyce Nicoll has just revived at East London College. Like Mrs. 'Arris, that Mrs. Grundy is heard of but not seen, which is appropriate in a symbol of propriety. But here comes Mr. Ernest Law in a delightful *Times* letter with a real flesh-and-blood Mrs. Grundy, and a Mrs. Grundy, as Henry James used to say, abounding in her own sense. This Mrs. Grundy—one imagines her in Mid-Victorian poke-bonnet—kept a dark gallery in Hampton Court Palace into which she dragged all the naughty pictures and statues out of the galleries. She was specially severe on Venus, and one may imagine her saying as she clapped the scandalous goddesses under lock and key: "How unlike the home life of our dear Queen." I welcome this Mrs. Grundy with delight, but I fear she is too good to be true—one would like to know more about her. Did she afterwards take service in the Vatican and help to fix the tin fig-leaves on the masterpieces of ancient Greece? If so, her works do live after her.

I congratulate Mr. St. John Ervine on his success as self-appointed *Arbiter elegantiarum* in the matter of English pronunciation. Success, I mean, for Mr. St. John Ervine. Following G. B. S., he learned long ago that the way to prominence is through aggressive statement; say a thing loudly, confidently, and as rudely as you can. Mr. Shaw, of course, is a genius. Mr. St. John Ervine comes from Belfast to tell us how to pronounce our own despised "South-Eastern" speech. With the dogmatism of the pedant in the pulpit he instructs us to pronounce the "R" in words like "dinner." I defy him to do it. The trouble with fashionable pronunciation is an anæmia of the vowel sounds, and this the

censor hardly mentions. As for the parsons, whose manner of speech moves him to a frenzy of abuse, their failing is an all too faithful effort at exactitude of pronunciation. At any rate, I don't see why we poor benighted Southerners should change our ways at the bidding of an Ulsterman who, when (in a public debate) he wants to say "to him," emits a sound like "rooom."

FIRST CLUBMAN: Manchester seems to be setting up as a School of Political Manners.

SECOND CLUBMAN: How so?

FIRST: Well, old Asquith showed "Ll. G." the door.

SECOND: Yes?

FIRST: And "Ll. G." went to Manchester to say, "After you."

KAPPA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE LIBERAL SPLIT

SIR,—I wish to express my appreciation of the gratifying stand you are making in support of Mr. Lloyd George, more especially as you frankly admit you "do not start with any bias in his favour." Your attitude, it seems to me, is not only reasonable but is inevitable, seeing that his "bent of mind and outlook on society" appeal to your sympathy. I wonder if Mr. Lloyd George's Liberal opponents appreciate the fact that his is the one mind amongst many gifted Liberals which possesses in a pre-eminent degree the faculty of constructive and original statesmanship, exhibited by no other, notably in recent years by his contributions in "Coal and Power," and in his land policy. I wonder if his detractors forget the eulogiums passed upon him only a few years ago by men who were intimate but opposed to him in politics, as given by Lord Balfour, Lord Birkenhead, Sir Austen Chamberlain, and others. Do his opponents remember that by his persuasive arguments he induced these politicians and many others so long opposed to granting freedom to Ireland, to abandon their cherished opposition, to forget the past, and to pass the Government of Ireland Bill? How quickly we forget. Yesterday it was "Hosanna"! To-day it is "Crucify him"!—Yours, &c.,

J. W. CAMPBELL.

Blairgowrie, Perthshire.
June 5th, 1926.

SIR,—Perhaps you will permit me to redress somewhat the balance of Professor Murray's specious letter. In recording the defects of Mr. Lloyd George, and the virtues of Lords Oxford, Grey, and the signatories, he conveniently avoids history. If we accept the former, are the latter "the immaculate twelve"—once, after a famous trial, applied by a judge to a jury?

"He made union impossible," says Professor Murray, "by continuing a separate organization." Did not the Liberal Imperialists during C.-B.'s leadership? "L. G. had used every weapon to exterminate his old party and the very spirit of Liberalism out of political life." Who guarded it in the Boer War? And here is a delightful bit—I quote from Spender's "Life" of C.-B. "He saw 'Master Haldane' laying wires in open daylight, with the air of innocence which only a philosopher could assume; 'Master Munro-Ferguson' mustering the Household Brigade for open rebellion; 'Master Grey' holding with Greyish obstinacy a redoubt of his own." "I do not think," wrote Morley to Harcourt, "the game of the seceders is overthrow of C.-B. at this moment, but to take occasion to trip him up." "The sins of my youth," exclaimed Mirabeau, and I doubt not, they have long since repented.

Lord Morley afterwards worked with them for years as colleague and friend for beneficent purposes. But, with the inception and the progress of the war, his old doubts returned. I hazard if John Morley could have seen the Liberal Party led into the wilderness—with "union" and "disunion," and the amazing débâcle—no one would have been less surprised than he.—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD GILLBARD.

June 7th, 1926.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE

SIR,—You tell us in an Editorial last week that "it is Mr. Lloyd George's bent of mind and outlook on society with which we are most in sympathy." Will you be so good as to refer to the paragraph under the heading "Life and Politics" in the same issue, which deals with the American Press during the National Strike, and tell us if you are equally in sympathy with his writing a "notorious article in a Hearst Sunday paper." Are not these journalistic flights in the columns of a journal of such a type (*vide* your own correspondent, Kappa's, strictures) simply one more example of that post-war irresponsibility and reckless opportunism which is wholly alien to the true aims of Liberalism? You invoke the famous election speech of Macaulay, wherein he says he looks with pride "on all that the Whigs have done for the cause of human freedom and human happiness." You do not find this Liberal tradition, you say, well expressed in Lord Oxford's letter. It is surely not to be found, even with a microscope, in the above-mentioned article.—Yours, &c.,

Brooks's Club.

H. W. CARR-GOMM.

June 6th, 1926.

[There are two distinct questions: (1) whether it is desirable that an ex-Prime Minister should indulge in syndicated journalism as a means of livelihood, (2) the merits of the particular article which Mr. Lloyd George wrote during the General Strike. As regards (1), we consider it of the utmost importance that ex-Prime Ministers should receive adequate pensions from the State; until that is done, it is idle to quarrel with Mr. Lloyd George for supporting himself by his pen. As regards (2), we agree broadly with "Kappa's" comment—"The fuss about the American article seems to me frankly ridiculous. That article shows Mr. Lloyd George suffering once more from the effects of his hastiness. . . . The constructive part of the article struck me as eminently sensible, and, above all, as eminently Liberal."—ED., NATION.]

PROFESSOR MURRAY AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE

SIR,—While many have attributed the Liberal rupture to Lord Asquith's unfortunate publication, Professor Murray, in last week's letter, went one step farther back and termed "Ll. G.'s" dissension from the Shadow Cabinet the chief cause. We must disagree with him. He might just as well have gone still one more step farther back and said that Lord Oxford was to blame for adopting a policy which is so far at variance with Liberal opinion that it forces members of the party to desert him.

"Ll. G." and many of his followers were actuated by the sincerest desire to fight the strike to the end; it was the desire to reach this end the quicker which induced them to leave the gate of conciliation open. He did not desert the Liberal policy of defending the constitution; he wished to further this Liberal policy by still more Liberal methods—those of conciliation. That a "League" supporter should dissent is unthinkable.

What faults Professor Murray has to find with "Ll. G." since 1916 have nothing to do with the case. Past differences are no argument for present excommunication—especially when those differences were ruled out of court by Lord Oxford's confession of forgiveness and reunion. If events *posterior* to this reunion have led Lord Oxford to believe further relationship with "Ll. G." impossible, well and good; but do not introduce a past which has nothing to do with the case.

Professor Murray then proceeds that Lord Oxford and Sir J. Simon were equally conciliatory. Then why was it necessary to be so harsh on "Ll. G."? Professor Murray cannot have the argument both ways.

Further he declares "for my part I think the line between conditional and unconditional surrender extremely fine." Then why dissent if "Ll. G." picks the former? But in any case we disagree. Unconditional surrender produces either a prolonged struggle from which there is no way out until one of the parties is exhausted (this we escaped), or a flagrant case of inequality in the subsequent arrangement of terms (this we have to the full). The bargaining position of the "surrendered" party is weak—surely

the sudden arrogance of the coal-owners shows the truth of this.

Professor Murray then charges "Ll. G." with disloyalty to his "large-hearted and magnanimous" leader. Does he forget that this leader committed the same "atrocious" crime against "C.B."? It is the duty of one who disagrees to say so. Professor Murray next toys with the suggestion of "Ll. G.'s" leaning first to Tory, and then to Labour. But "Ll. G." alone of our leaders possesses a policy—a Liberal policy. Is it suggested that "Ll. G." thinks he will find it easier to conciliate one of the other two parties to his policy than to awaken somnolent Liberalism? We are reduced to the paradox of a Liberal being driven to seek recourse to the machinery of other parties for the furtherance of his Liberal creed.

We believe as strongly as others in party loyalty, but if Liberalism means anything, it means the freedom to act where principles lead. It is a bad Liberalism which does not allow even to its members the liberty for which it stands. Individual right of decision is justified when, above all, it is not a question of fundamental principles. A man joins a party as it represents his own inclinations and views. When it ceases to do so, he has a right, nay a duty, to dissent. Was "Ll. G." in the interest of a false unity to subscribe to views in which he did not believe—and in which, during the strike, many of us did not believe?

The final account of the opinion of "certain friends," as yet unnamed, on "Ll. G.," is neither reasonable criticism nor worthy of the man whom, in other spheres, so many of us admire.—Yours, &c.,

A. D. McLEAN.

Salisbury Avenue, Baildon, Yorks.

SIR,—I do not suppose that Professor Gilbert Murray's letter in your last issue was intended to be amusing, but it certainly was so to those who reflect that he is an eminent pacifist. The Professor ought to know that wars take place because the imperfection of human nature is such that the great majority of people cannot control their tempers: if he had remembered this he would not have damaged his reputation by filling two of your columns with an effusion which reveals envenomed hate of Mr. Lloyd George in nearly every line.

I have never been a supporter of Mr. Lloyd George, salaried or otherwise, but Professor Murray's sneering reference to the "salaried supporters" of that eminent man interests me, for it reveals the same preoccupation with the question of Party Funds that worries Mr. Pringle.

Why do people who think, or profess to think, that there was something discreditable in the way in which Mr. Lloyd George's funds were accumulated, feel so great a grievance because they are not allowed to share them?

All this talk about two Party Funds in the Liberal Party is nonsense, for in fact there is only one fund. If Mr. Pringle will analyze his emotions on the subject he will find that his indignation is really due to the fact that there is only one fund—and the other fellow has charge of it.—Yours, &c.,

A. H. HENDERSON-LIVESEY.

170, Palace Chambers, Westminster,
London, S.W.1., June 8th, 1926.

WELLINGTON AT WATERLOO

SIR,—One of the most famous Generals in the British army, who had made a special study of the Waterloo campaign, once said to me: "The two greatest masters of war of their age met there for the first time together. Both made mistakes for which a lieutenant would be disqualified in an examination."

I said nothing about Wellington's tactics in the battle of Waterloo. I made remarks about his strategy in the campaign which led to the battle of Waterloo as its consummation, and my criticism, endorsed as it has been by practically every student of war (even down to Mr. Belloc's latest interesting little study), was, I thought, a commonplace of military history.

I cannot occupy your space with details, but I may perhaps mention three incidents.

First, at the beginning of the campaign, Napoleon's complete surprise of the Allies, who thought that he was at least a hundred miles away, and whose forces were strung out in disconnected fragments over an enormous front.

Second, the consequent dribbling up of British troops to Quatre Bras, where, if d'Erlon had marched to "the sound of the guns" and joined Ney's attack, these British would have been overwhelmed, and the French would have been in Brussels by nightfall; and the British army cut off from the Prussians and flying to the sea.

Third, the retention of considerable forces, 17,000 out of 67,000, on the right at Hal during the actual Waterloo battle, who never fired a shot, but whose absence from the conflict (but for Grouchy's disastrous wanderings to the east) might have resulted in a complete British *débâcle*. No military historian has ever explained this queer performance, condemned by Clausewitz, Kennedy, and Chesney. It may have been due to a fear of one of Napoleon's flank attacks from the left, which might have cut the British off from the sea. The General I referred to told me frankly he thought Wellington had forgotten their existence.

Wellington was undoubtedly the greatest tactician of his age, except perhaps Napoleon. But no Staff College in Europe now examines his strategical campaigns except to demonstrate his errors. Years before Waterloo, he had been completely outmanœuvred by Marmont before Salamanca. And only tactical genius, exercised in less than ten minutes during the separation of the French forces, converted what would have been a hopeless surrender into one of the greatest of his victories.

Some of us study war as well as politics (the two have many resemblances).—Yours, &c.,

"AT ST. STEPHEN'S."

MINERS' WIVES AND CHILDREN

SIR,—We are engaged in raising a fund to alleviate the sufferings of the wives and children of the miners now locked out. We appeal to your readers to help us on the broad general ground that no solution should be sought by forcing one side to give in on account of the sufferings of their dependents. To you, sir, and to your readers, we need not elaborate the point that if the miners should be defeated through the hunger of their wives and children,

the problem of the coal industry of this country would be further off than ever from a just and permanent settlement. Whatever agreement is made, must, if it is to be a real settlement, be based upon reason, not upon force; and the only results which can be predicted with certainty from prolonged and bitter starvation in the mining areas are a general lowering of the nation's physical welfare, and a general intensification of unrest and ill-will. We would point out in particular, in relation to the problem of the nation's physical welfare, that our funds are largely devoted to the needs of infants and of nursing and expectant mothers. In these are embodied, literally, the future of the race.

Whatever view one may hold politically about the coal dispute, there is no suggestion from anybody that these women and children are anything but wholly innocent. We therefore earnestly beg the co-operation of your readers in our work of mercy. Suffering is already acute and widespread, and help given quickly will be doubly serviceable.

Cheques should be drawn to Lady Slessor, crossed "Women's Committee for Relief of Miners' Wives and Children," and addressed to her at 11, Tufton Street, London, S.W.1.—Yours, &c.,

MARION PHILLIPS,
LILIAN DAWSON,
Joint Secretaries.

June 7th, 1926.

AN APPEAL FOR CHILDREN'S "OUTGROWN" BOOKS

SIR,—Children of the East End have an extreme need—that of wholesome and well-illustrated reading matter.

May I appeal to your readers for "outgrown books," especially old Christmas annuals and story-books like the inimitable Peter Rabbit series and Herbert Strang's publications for children? We can mend and bind them, however dog-eared they are.

It is almost unnecessary to say that, on account of their expense, such books are not provided by education authorities except as occasional prizes.

An Evening Play Centre here would welcome gifts like these with very real gratitude.—Yours, &c.,

A. E. MONK.

Walton Road School, East Ham, E.12.

TRADITION AND AUTHORITY

By ROGER FRY.

THE TIMES of June 1st reserved for me a strange and agreeable surprise. It contained a summary of Sir Frank Dicksee's speech to the Royal Cambrian Academy at Conway. To my wondering delight I found myself able to agree with almost every word of it. For artists of such different tendencies to agree is so surprising that I must quote Sir Frank Dicksee, as reported, in full:—

"The President of the Royal Academy said that at the present time there was a curious condition among those who were on the fringe of art, and, to a certain extent, among those who practised it. There was a feeling of unrest in the world, and art was so sensitive to external influences that the artist who was not surely anchored in sound authority and some constant tradition became affected by the ebb and flow of fashion.

"He would like to see artists so trained in knowledge of their craft, in knowledge also of beauty and truth and what was meant by art, that there could not be the condition of things now prevalent. There was unrest and dissatisfaction. Everything had to be tested anew. Authority was not regarded, with the result that in many exhibitions in what were called centres of culture and art, things were exhibited which seemed to his mind to be a reproach not only to those who perpetrated them, but to the authorities exhibiting them. The Q Room at Wembley last year contained works which were a reproach and a scandal, and which ought never to have been tolerated. But, however much we were anchored in the traditions of the past, an observant eye should be kept on any new departure, even if at first it might appear to inflict a slight shock, which combined

sincerity and technical achievement. If novelty could be got without sacrificing truth, it must be so much to the good. He warmly commended the Cambrian Exhibition."

How gladly I welcome almost every word of this pronouncement. How admirable, but how strange to have the P.R.A. singing the praises of tradition! How true what he says of the Wembley Exhibition! I cordially endorse his opinion; only I would go further than he does. Why, indeed, did he specify Room Q when we all know that every one of the rooms at Wembley contained works which, in his own vigorous phrase, "were a reproach and a scandal, and ought never to have been tolerated"? But, indeed, we are so accustomed to this state of affairs in almost every public exhibition that it seems almost otiose to call attention to it.

And then how tolerant he shows himself towards novelty "even when it appears to inflict a slight shock, provided it is combined with sincerity and technical achievement." This, of course, leaves a loophole for difficulty and disagreement. Who is to decide whether the shock "appears" to be slight or serious? One knows so many cases in the past where the shock appeared to be very great indeed to almost every single observer, and yet where in the end it was discovered that there was no shock at all. And what is strangest and adds to our difficulty is that it is precisely those artists who now appear to have been most in the tradition that aroused the worst shocks. Delacroix, because he was in the

tradition of Rubens, was regarded as eminently shocking. Daumier, for being in the tradition of Rembrandt, was regarded by even intelligent and "advanced" gentlemen as a "bloodthirsty savage." Manet, for being in the tradition of Velasquez, was considered beyond the pale; and Cézanne, for being in the tradition of Poussin, was called a "communard." Even in our own country and our own time I have heard the word Bolshevik hurled at quiet and retiring gentlemen for trying to paint rather more traditionally than Sir Frank Dicksee. And yet it is to the men whose names I have cited that we look to find the links throughout the nineteenth century with the great tradition of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and not, I fear, to the unbroken line of Presidents of the Royal Academy, whose work as it recedes into the past appears even more "shocking" and more anarchically anti-traditional. So that one might almost be tempted to find some connection between the bigness of the apparent shock and the strictness of the adherence to tradition.

I am not sure, however, whether I would go so far as to say, with Sir Frank Dicksee, that "novelty, if got without sacrificing truth, is all to the good." Truth, of course, is an awkward word in art. What kind of truth? There are so many, and often so mutually incompatible.

Truth to fact as determined by all our senses and our independent knowledge, truth to visual appearance, truth to the feelings aroused in the artist by the contemplation of the world—fierce quarrels have been waged between the followers of those various truths. But novelty as such seems to me totally indifferent, neither good nor bad. Some novelty there must be wherever there is sincerity, but what matters, to my thinking, is the sincerity and not the novelty. I fear I may appear almost timidly conservative to the President.

Whether I should be able to go so far with Sir Frank Dicksee as to commend warmly the Cambrian Exhibition I do not know. My past experience of provincial exhibitions leads me to fear that I might think about it as the President thinks about Q Room at Wembley, so that it is fortunate that the point need never be settled.

When we find ourselves so happily agreed it may seem a little ungracious to call attention to the few words in this report of the President's address which make me uneasy. What is this about artists being "surely anchored in sound authority" and the further statement, which seems to have some tinge of regret, that "Everything had to be tested anew" and "Authority was not regarded"? All this sounds very strange from one who is appealing to tradition. Is it not of the very essence of the tradition in art that it works not by authority, but by persuasion? Is it not as true of the tradition of art as of the tradition of science that it must invite its votaries always to test "everything anew"; that the moment it ceases to urge and press them to do that—for human inertia always clamours to be saved this trouble by authority—the tradition becomes a dead and useless encumbrance?

The methods by which everything in the tradition of art is to be "tested anew" differ, no doubt, from those which apply in science. They are not so capable of demonstration, because the logic of sensation is only evident in proportion as the senses are trained, whereas the logic of thought is, theoretically, demonstrable to all men, but they are, none the less, the only methods by which artistic truth can be kept in being.

This is what Sir Frank Dicksee's predecessor in the Presidential chair, Sir Joshua Reynolds, said on the subject. This is how he addressed the pupils of the Royal Academy at the end of his Sixth Discourse:—

"I consider you as arrived to that period, when you have a right to think for yourselves and to presume that every man is fallible; to study the masters with a suspicion, that great men are not always exempt from great faults. . . . It is their excellencies which have taught you their defects."

There must surely be some mistake about the *TIMES* report. These ominous words about authority can never have come from Sir Joshua Reynolds's successor.

DIARY OF AN EASTWARD JOURNEY

VIII.*

J AIPUR.—At Jaipur we were fortunate in having an introduction to one of the great *thakurs* of the State. He was a mighty landholder, the owner of twenty villages, with populations ranging from five hundred to as many thousands, a feudal lord who paid for his fief (until, a year or two ago, a somewhat simpler and more modern system of tenure was introduced) by contributing to the State army one hundred and fifty armed and mounted men. This nobleman was kind enough to place his elephant at our disposal.

It was a superb and particularly lofty specimen, with gold-mounted tusks; ate two hundredweights of food a day, and must have cost at least six hundred a year to keep. An expensive pet. But for a man in the *thakur's* position, we gathered, indispensable, a necessity. Pachyderms in Rajputana are what glass coaches were in Europe a century and a-half ago—essential luxuries.

The *thakur* was a charming and cultured man, hospitably kind, as only Indians can be. But at the risk of seeming ungrateful, I must confess that, of all the animals I have ever ridden, the elephant is the most uncomfortable mount. On the level, it is true, the motion is not too bad. One seems to be riding on a small and chronic earthquake; that is all. The earthquake becomes more disquieting when the beast begins to climb. But when it goes downhill, it is like the end of the world. The animal descends very slowly, and with an infinite caution, planting one huge foot deliberately before the other, and giving you time between each carefully calculated step to anticipate the next convulsive spasm of movement—a spasm that seems to loosen from its place every organ in the body, that twists the spine, that wrenches all the separate muscles of the loins and thorax. The hills round Jaipur are not very high. Fortunately; for by the end of the three or four hundred feet of our climbing and descending, we had almost reached the limits of our endurance. I returned full of admiration for Hannibal. He crossed the Alps on an elephant.

We made two expeditions with the pachyderm: one—over a rocky pass entailing, there and back, two climbs and two sickening descents—to the tanks and ruined temples of Galta, and one to the deserted palaces of Amber. Emerging from the palace precincts—I record the trivial and all too homely incident, because it set me mournfully reflecting about the cosmos—our monster halted, and, with its usual deliberation, relieved nature, portentously. Hardly, the operation over, had it resumed its march, when an old woman who had been standing at the door of a hovel among the ruins, expectantly waiting—we had wondered for what—darted forward and fairly threw herself on the mound of steaming excrement. There was fuel here, I suppose, for a week's cooking. "Salaam, Maharaj," she called up to us, bestowing in her gratitude the most opulent title she could lay her tongue to. Our passage had been to her like a sudden and unexpected fall of manna. She thanked us, she blessed the great and charitable Jumbo for his Gargantuan bounty.

Our earthquake lurched on. I thought of the scores of millions of human beings to whom the passage of an unconstipated elephant seems a godsend, a stroke of enormous good luck. The thought depressed me. Why are we here, men and women, eighteen hundred millions of us, on this remarkable and perhaps unique planet? To what end? Is it to go about looking for dung—cow dung, horse dung, the enormous and princely excrement of elephants? Evidently it is—for a good many of us at any rate. It seemed an inadequate reason, I thought, for our being here—immortal souls, first cousins of the angels, own brothers of Buddha and Mozart and Sir Isaac Newton.

But a little while later I saw that I was wrong to let the consideration depress me. If it depressed me, that was only because I looked at the whole matter from the wrong end, so to speak. In painting my mental picture

* Nos. I-VII. appeared in *THE NATION* of March 6th, 13th and 27th, April 3rd and 24th, May 22nd, and June 5th.

of the dung-searchers, I had filled my foreground with the figures of Buddha, Sir Isaac Newton, and the rest of them. These, I perceived, should have been relegated to the remote background, and the foreground should have been filled with cows and elephants. The picture so arranged, I should have been able to form a more philosophical and proportionable estimate of the dung-searchers. For I should have seen at a glance how vastly superior were their activities to those of the animal producers of dung in the foreground. The philosophical Martian would admire the dung-searchers for having discovered a use for dung; no other animal, he would point out, has had the wit to do more than manufacture it.

We are not Martians, and our training makes us reluctant to think of ourselves as animals. Nobody inquires why cows and elephants inhabit the world. There is as little reason why we should be here, eating, drinking, sleeping, and in the intervals reading metaphysics, saying prayers, or collecting dung. We are here, that is all; and like other animals we do what our native capacities and our environment permit of our doing. Our achievement, when we compare it with that of the cows and elephants, is remarkable. They automatically make dung; we collect it and turn it into fuel. It is not something to be depressed about; it is something to be proud of. Still, in spite of the consolations of philosophy, I remained pensive.

There is a mirror room in the fort at Agra; there are others in almost all the palaces of Rajputana. But the prettiest of them all are the mirror rooms in the palace of Amber. Indeed, I never remember to have seen mirrors anywhere put to better decorative use than here, in this deserted Rajput palace of the seventeenth century. There are no large sheets of glass at Amber; there is no room for large sheets. A bold and elegant design in raised plaster-work covers the walls and ceiling; the mirrors are small and shaped to fit into the interstices of the plaster pattern. Like all old mirrors they are grey and rather dim. Looking into them, you see "in a glass, darkly." They do not portray the world with that glaring realism which characterizes the reverberations of modern mirrors. But their greatest charm is that they are slightly convex, so that every piece gives back its own small particular image of the world, and each, when the shutters are opened, or a candle is lit, has a glint in its grey surface like the curved highlight in an eye.

They are wonderfully rich, these mirror rooms at Amber. Their elaborateness surpasses that even of the famous mirror room at Bagheria, near Palermo. But whereas the Sicilian room is nothing more than the old-fashioned glass-and-gilding merry-go-round made stationary, the Indian rooms are a marvel of cool and elegant refinement. True, this form of decoration does not lend itself to the adornment of large areas of wall or ceiling; it is too intricate for that. But fortunately the rooms in Indian palaces are seldom large. In a country where it rains with a punctual regularity and only at one season of the year, large rooms of assembly are unnecessary. Crowds are accommodated and ceremonials of state performed more conveniently out of doors than in. The Hall of Audience in an Indian palace is a small pillared pavilion placed at one end of an open courtyard. The king sat in the pavilion, his courtiers and petitioners thronged the open space. Every room in the palace was a private room, a place of intimacy. One must not come to India expecting to find grandiose specimens of interior architecture. There are no long colonnaded vistas, no galleries receding interminably according to all the laws of perspective, no colossal staircases, no vaults so high that, at night, the lamplight can hardly reach them. Here in India there are only small rooms adorned with the elaborate decoration that is meant to be looked at from close to and in detail. Such are the mirror rooms at Amber.

BIKANER.—The desert of Rajputana is a kind of Sahara, but smaller and without oases. Travelling across it, one looks out over plains of brown dust. Once in every ten or twenty yards, some grey-green plant, deep-rooted and too thorny for even the camels to eat, tenaciously and with a kind of desperate vegetable ferocity, struggles for life. And at longer intervals,

draining the moisture of a rood of land, there rise, here and there, the little stunted trees of the desert. From close at hand the sparseness of their distantly scattered growth is manifest. But seen in depth down the long perspective of receding distance, they seem—like the remotely scattered stars of the Milky Way—numerous and densely packed. Close at hand the desert is only rarely flecked by shade; but the further distances seem fledged with a dense dark growth of trees. The foreground is always desert, but on every horizon there is the semblance of shadowy forests. The train rolls on, and the forests remain for ever on the horizon; around one is always and only the desert.

Bikaner is the metropolis of this desert, a great town stranded in the sand. The streets are unpaved, but clean. The sand of which they are made desiccates and drinks up every impurity that falls upon it. And what astonishing houses flank these streets! Huge *palazzi* of red sandstone, carved and fretted from basement to attic, their blank walls—wherever a wall has been left blank—whitewashed and painted with garishly ingenious modern frescoes of horses, of battles, of trains running over bridges, of ships. These houses, the like of which we had seen in no other city, are the palaces of the Marwari merchants, the Jews of India, who go forth from their desert into the great towns, whence they return with the fruits of their business ability to their native place. Some of them are said to be fabulously wealthy, and Bikaner has, I suppose, more millionaires per thousand of population than any other town in the world.

We were shown over the country villa of one of these plutocrats, built in the desert a mile or two beyond the city wall. Costly and unflinching labour had created and conserved in the teeth of the sand, the scorching wind of summer and the winter frosts, a garden of trees and lawns, of roses and English vegetables. It is the marvel of Bikaner.

The sun was setting as we reached the bungalow. A little army of coolies was engaged in covering the lawns with tarpaulin sheets and fitting canvas greatcoats on all the shrubs. The night frosts are dangerous at this season. In summer, on the other hand, it is by day that the verdure must be jacketed. Such is horticulture in Rajputana.

I had hoped, too optimistically, to find in the Marwari plutocrats the modern equivalents of the Florentine merchant-princes of the *quattrocento*. But this pleasing bubble of illusion burst, with an almost audible pop, as we passed from the millionaire's garden into his house. The principal drawing-room was furnished almost exclusively with those polychromatic *art nouveau* busts that issue from the workshops of the tombstone manufacturers of Carrara, and with clockwork toys. These last had all been set going, simultaneously, in our honour. A confused ticking and clicking filled the air, and wherever we looked our eyes were dazzled by movement. Tigers, almost life-sized, nodded their heads. Pink *papier-mâché* pigs opened and shut their mouths. Clocks in the form of negroes rolled their eyes; in the form of fox terriers wagged their tails and, opening their jaws to bark, uttered a tick; in the form of donkeys agitated their long ears sixty times a minute. And, preciously covered by a glass dome, a porcelain doll, dressed in the Paris fashions of 1900, jerkily applied a powder-puff to its nose, and jerkily reached back to the powder-box—again and again. These, evidently, are the products of our Western civilization which the East really admires. I remembered a certain brooch which I had seen one evening, at a dinner party, on the *sari* of an Indian lady of great wealth and the highest position—a brooch consisting of a disk of blue enamel surrounded by diamonds, on the face of which two large brilliants revolved, by clockwork, in concentric circles and opposite directions. It was an eight-day brooch, I learned; wound every Sunday night.

In the desert, five miles out of Bikaner, stands a city of tombs, the cenotaphs of the Maharajahs and their royal kindred. They are to be counted by scores and hundreds—little white domes perched on pillars, or covering cells of masonry. Under each dome a little slab bears the name of the commemorated dead. In the

older tombs these slabs are carved with crude reliefs, representing the prince, sometimes on horseback, sometimes sitting on his throne, accompanied by as many of his wives and concubines as burnt themselves to death on his funeral pyre. Few of these Maharajahs of an earlier generation left the world without taking with them two or three unfortunate women. Some of them were accompanied to the fire by six, seven, and in one case I counted even nine victims. On the slab their images form a little frieze below the image of their lord and master—a row of small identical figures stretching across the stone. Nine luscious Hindu beauties, deep-bosomed, small-waisted, sumptuously haunched—their portraits are deliciously amusing. But, looking at them, I could not help remembering the dreadful thing these little sculptures commemorated. I thought of the minutes of torment that ushered them out of life into this comical world of art which they now inhabit, under the weather-stained domes in the desert. Every here and there stands a tomb on whose central slab is carved a small conventional pair of feet. These are the feet of those royal ladies who, for one reason or another, did not commit *sati*. Each time I saw a pair of these marble feet I felt like calling for cheers.

ALDOUS HUXLEY.

MRS. KENNEDY'S COUSIN.

SHE was a fragile little lady, slim and primly upright. A trick she had of peering through short-sighted eyes gave her an air of helplessness and dependence. She seemed to be pleading always, appealing. Throughout her life, she had been sheltered and cosseted. Now, at sixty-four, she was left a widow and childless. "My husband gave his life for his country," she explained to all who would listen. As a matter of fact, Frederick Baines, twenty years his wife's junior, died of pneumonia contracted a week after his enlistment. Why, being notoriously delicate, he enrolled, none knew. Intimates of the family smiled, wryly-wise. "Fred didn't stand to lose much," they opined. The authorities made difficulties about Mrs. Baines's pension; it was only secured to her at last through the pertinacity of a legal acquaintance. He was a young man with a sense of chivalry. "It wasn't easy," he told his client proudly, "but I've got it for you." Mrs. Baines's smile was unusually gracious. "I won't insult you by offering payment," she said, in her thin, sweet voice. "You have a widow's thanks." She spoke as one conferring a favour, and, indeed, the tendering of thanks was so rare a procedure with Mrs. Baines that she might well believe she had rendered full payment thereby. Service and assistance, she accounted as her right. "To help the widow and the weak is one's duty," she would observe plaintively. "People don't want thanks. They are glad of the opportunity."

Her pension comfortably secured, Mrs. Baines sold her husband's house, and removed her goods and chattels to a small cottage on the outskirts of her native town. Amongst the most respected of the townsfolk were the Kennedys. Mrs. Kennedy was cousin to Mrs. Baines. She was a generous soul, and being reminded of the relationship, she instantly took the little widow under her protection. "You did right to come," she said, heartily. "Blood's thicker than water. Just drop in whenever you like. Make the house your home." And Mrs. Baines did. She "dropped in" constantly, her visits coinciding so uniformly with the family's meal-hours that Mr. Kennedy at last demurred. "This protégée of yours, Mary. A bit of a cadger, isn't she? Seems to me you are rather overdoing it, sending cakes down, and jams, and having her here three or four days a week." "Do you think so?" asked Mrs. Kennedy, comfortably. "It must be pretty wretched for her, poor old soul! And she's a relative, you know." "Poor!" snorted her husband. "That's just it. In June, she went to Weston. Last month, she was at Bath. She stayed at 'The Angel,' too. She didn't do that on her pension." Mrs. Kennedy laughed. "Well, we all like a bit of a flutter, sometimes. She dips into her capital for these little jaunts. Fred left her something, you know."

"Look better of her if she'd invest her capital, and do less cadging," grumbled the man. "Oh, well," said Mrs. Kennedy, easily. "As long as it's only from us! We can afford it. And it's nice for her to feel she's a bit of money handy. Besides"—she looked at her husband with twinkling eyes—"she tells me she's going to leave her money to the boy." "She needn't trouble. Max is all right." "Of course! Still—" "Huh! You expect me to believe that whatever you do for her is a left-handed gift to Max?" "Bert!" Mrs. Kennedy's eyes showed round and shocked; "you don't really think—" The man's laugh was very pleasant to hear. "Of course I don't, Old Thing. I've known you too long for that." Mrs. Kennedy said no more. She deemed it impolitic to tell her husband of Mrs. Baines's method of renewing her wardrobe. Early the previous month, the widow had presented herself at The Grange in tearful vein. "It looks as if I shouldn't get my little change, after all," she lamented. "I could manage the hotel bills, but I need a new frock. I couldn't appear at 'The Angel' in this." Mrs. Kennedy glanced her over shrewdly; the little lady was wearing her shabbiest attire. "I've a grey silk," she said, "which I've only worn a few times. I was intending to sell it. You could have that only I'm afraid it wouldn't fit you." Mrs. Baines's eyes glistened. "I might try it on," she suggested. The frock was certainly big, but the colour suited her admirably. "I think perhaps it might be altered," said the widow, surveying herself in the mirror. "You have so many clothes, Mary." She took the frock, also a coat and a jumper. In due course, a bill was presented to Mrs. Kennedy. "Mrs. Baines said she was sure you would wish to pay for the alterations," explained the dressmaker. "You were too generous to make a half-gift." Mrs. Kennedy paid the account rather ruefully. She wondered if it wouldn't be cheaper, in the long run, to present her cousin with new clothes occasionally. And she was quite convinced that her husband would fail to see any humour in the transaction.

People who expect much from their fellows—especially when their manners are gentle and timid—generally get it—and in reverse ratio to their deserts. Mrs. Baines was no exception. Her neighbours treated her with the greatest friendliness and consideration. They vied with one another in providing her with fruit and flowers. The prevalent belief among them was that she was harshly regarded by those to whom she might most reasonably have looked for assistance. "I should go oftener to The Grange if I felt I was welcome there," she would say, wistfully. "It's hard to be poor and old and unwanted."

Her chief difficulty was her house-work. Servants were difficult to procure. Also, they were expensive. She conceived the notion of advertising for a young lady—Mrs. Baines insisted on her being young—"willing to share a home and expenses." The advertisement expatiated on the beauties of the surrounding country, the convenience of the golf-links, the proximity of the sea. Several ladies responded to the invitation. They followed each other in quick succession. The poorest stayed three months. "I don't know what they want," sighed Mrs. Baines. "The cottage is only big enough for two. *Somebody* must do the work. Sometimes I think they expect me to clean the grates and wash up. Of course, they can't. Still, it looks like it." The last-comer spoke her mind with savage candour. "The country may be beautiful, the bathing may be good—I take your word for it, I've had no time to see. I came here for a rest, and I've never been harder-worked in my life. Oh, I know! I'm younger than you! But at least you could do *something*. And you could have decent grates put in, and a bath. Anyhow, I didn't bargain for shoving you round in that gimcrack chair. When it comes to that, I'm through." Mrs. Baines was deeply hurt. She retired to her bedroom till her disgruntled partner was gone. Then she trotted round to a neighbouring cottager's. Her companion had left her—quite suddenly. No, she wasn't risking another. Could Mrs. Thomas give her a day a week to clean up the cottage, and do her bit of washing? Oh, and she was afraid of sleeping alone—she suffered from heart-attacks—would it be possible for Mrs. Thomas's small girl to sleep at her

cottage? There was a dear little room, next door to hers, and it wasn't at all likely the child would ever be disturbed. After some hesitation, Mrs. Thomas consented, but a couple of days later, she called round to expostulate. What was all this about Polly? The girl didn't so much mind taking up Mrs. Baines's breakfast before going to school, but she did object to finding the sink full of dirty pots each night. "I—I'm not at all strong," faltered Mrs. Baines. "I never imagined Polly would mind." "That's all very well, but it wasn't in the agreement. Polly says she'll not come here no more, and I'll not force her." Mrs. Thomas looked compassionately at the perturbed little lady. "I tell you what," she added, "suppose you give her some at for her trouble. Mebbe then I can talk her round. I dunno' that the girl minds work as long as she's paid." "Well, I—I can't afford much. Would sixpence a week do?" "Make it a shilling," said Polly's mother, and went away feeling ashamed. On the strength of that shilling, the widow referred to Polly afterwards as "my little maid." She paid the money in coppers. Some weeks Polly went a penny short.

Mrs. Baines was not a favourite with The Grange servants; her tips were too scant. On one occasion, Mrs. Kennedy went away for the week-end. On the Monday morning, she received a letter from her housekeeper. Mrs. Baines was in the house, ill; what were they to do about it? She had come up on the Saturday, she explained, and not feeling well, had thought she would be best in bed where she could be looked after. A doctor was called in. He decided there was nothing wrong with the patient, but, to humour her, he sent round a bottle of medicine. Two days later, he said she might get up. Then the little lady was really ill. Dismay and indignation brought on a heart-attack, and a fortnight elapsed before she could return to her cottage.

"See here, Mary," said Mr. Kennedy, "I'll put up with a lot, but sleep in my house again, that woman shan't."

Mrs. Kennedy bore the injunction in mind, and several months later, when Mrs. Baines protested that she could not possibly face the journey home, she lied boldly. "I'm afraid the spare-room is upset," she said. Mrs. Baines drew closer to the fire, her face looking pinched and miserable. "You've two spare-rooms," she said, "but it doesn't matter. I'll sleep in any corner. I—I daren't go home. I'm not well. I need a hot bath, and the cottage is cold." Mrs. Kennedy looked guiltily at her husband, but his face was obdurate. "I'll 'phone for a taxi," he said, and made for the door. Mrs. Kennedy had a bad time with her guest. The poor lady broke down and cried. "I've a pain here," she whimpered, pressing her hand to her side. "I've had it all day. I'm an old woman, Mary, and very tired. You won't turn me out? You couldn't treat a dog so."

Mrs. Kennedy took her home and arranged for Mrs. Thomas to put her to bed and spend the night with her. The next day, finding she was no better, she sent one of her maids down to the cottage and telephoned for the doctor. The latter announced that the widow was suffering from double pneumonia.

"She's foxing," declared Mr. Kennedy; and later—"She's ill out of spite."

Mrs. Kennedy went daily to the cottage. Mrs. Baines treated her very kindly.

"Don't worry," she whispered. "You couldn't know. It was the night-air. I'm sorry for you, Mary. Your husband's a hard man."

Mrs. Kennedy flushed hotly. Only pity for the frail, gasping creature kept her silent.

It was spring before Mrs. Baines was allowed to sit up. The Grange maid had long since mutinied, and Mrs. Kennedy had installed a nurse-companion in her stead.

The rôle of invalid suited the widow well. She was quite content to be waited upon. She received her various visitors with sweet forbearance, and only grumbled gently when her favourite foods were not supplied. She showed no curiosity as to finance, though once she asked that a lawyer should visit her.

In June, she passed away.

Her last words were for Mrs. Kennedy.

"I don't blame you," she gasped, weakly. "It wasn't to be expected that you'd care. Things have never been the same since Fred died. It's hard to be lonely, and old, and unwanted."

Her will was dated May. She had nominated Mrs. Kennedy her executrix. Her money—£858—was left to a Home for Stray Cats.

ALICE LOWTHER.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"HEARTS AND DIAMONDS," the latest Viennese musical comedy, at the Strand Theatre, is a play that palls. It has but little of the lightness associated with its birthplace, and appears to have pretensions to being an opera rather than a musical comedy. The whole affair, too, was slowed up by the armies of choruses, male and female, a feature which I understand to be lacking in the Viennese production. The new discovery, Mr. Metaxa, of Czechoslovakia, has a very engaging personality, but I got tired of him before he had finished, and Mr. Lupino Lane, though his agility was as graceful as ever, was too much handicapped by the imbecility of his book. To my mind, much the most charming person on the stage was the *soubrette*, Miss Anita Elsom. The occasion, however, is rendered remarkable by the fact that the scenery and dresses are designed by M. Komissarjevsky. His garage in Act I. was a charming creation, and the night club in Act III. a magnificently effective piece of stage design. Many of the dresses also were full of fantasy. We hope that this may be the first of many occasions which we may have to applaud the ingenuity of M. Komissarjevsky in this sort of play.

* * *

The revival of a recently successful play is always a little hazardous, especially if it be a war play; but Mr. Dennis Eadie has made no mistake about "Billeted" at the Royalty. For, although its simple plot is based on war-time conditions, its characters are not *démodés*, and its comedy must appeal to every age and to all sensitively witty Englishmen. There is a sole situation—the familiar one of an incomplete widow confronted by her long-lost husband just when she has decided to dismiss him from a critical and curious world by the announcement of his death. There follow the inevitable mutual confidences of loneliness apart from one another, and of determination to live happy ever after: while the *ingénue* (a charming, pre-Freudian girl) is accepting the colonel's proposal of marriage among the gooseberry bushes. But this situation is kept continually alive by the ingenious dialogue, and by the clever acting of the whole cast. Mr. Eadie is brusque and debonair as the prodigal; Miss Jane Welsh has not only beauty of face and form, but a soft, clear-speaking voice, rare in young actresses; while Mr. Horne and Mr. Hanray are perfect in their respective rôles of English clergyman and English soldier. As for Miss Seyler, she contrives to squirm and giggle with delicious grace, and is herself the very spirit of comedy. We hope and believe that it will be a long time before this delightful play by F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood receives its marching orders.

* * *

Of late years we have been taught to believe in a golden age of the theatre, a happy sixteenth and seventeenth century, when the actor was writer and producer as well. "Ourselves," at the Garrick, compared with the Renaissance performance of Calderon's "Life's a Dream" (Fitzgerald's version) is likely to make us profoundly sceptical. In the former we are given a succession of music-hall scenes without unity, stuffed with jokes of inconceivable naïveté and hoary age, upon which quite efficient actors waste their talents. The latter, of course, is one of the eternal masterpieces of the drama, treating with extraordinary freedom and amazing unity one of the great metaphysical problems that affect mankind. The play as produced by George de Warfaz was

profoundly moving, and the setting was admirable. Mr. Percy Walsh's Basilio was perfect in dignity and diction, and was ably seconded by Mr. Rupert Harvey. Mr. Colin Keith-Johnston on the whole carried the part of Segismund very sympathetically, but he has yet to learn to adapt his phrasing to his meaning, and that to lower the voice is often more moving and passionate than to raise it. It is a great pity that the Renaissance Theatre does not carry out its original intention and have public running performances of plays like this. Perhaps if Sunday performances are licensed, it will be forced to.

A very fine performance of Verdi's "Otello" was given last week at Covent Garden, conducted by Signor Vincenzo Bellezza. It is, perhaps, Verdi's finest work: the love-duet between Othello and Desdemona in the first act, and the beginning of the last act, where Desdemona, before retiring to bed, sings the "Willow Song" and the "Ave Maria," rise to heights of very great lyrical beauty, to which Mme. Lotta Lehmann as Desdemona did full justice by her singing, and by her distinguished style. Signor Mariano Stabile gave a remarkable performance in the difficult part of Iago: Signor Zenatello, as Otello, sang extremely well, but left something to be desired in his acting.

The Summer Exhibition of the London group, which is open at the Royal Water-colour Society's Gallery in Pall Mall, suffers considerably by the fact that six of its most prominent members, who now form the Association of Allied Artists, have just been having an exhibition of their own at the Leicester Galleries, and consequently show very little here. Mr. Duncan Grant has only one picture, "The Kitchen Table," a very beautiful still life of game. Much of the rest of the exhibition raises the difficult question, "Is it better to paint tolerable and rather pleasant imitations of other people, or to paint pictures whose only merit is that they are original?" I dare not hazard a solution to the problem. Mr. Sickert's only picture here, "The London Directory"—a picture of a red book lying on a window-seat—is painted with remarkable accomplishment, but is a little dull, as is Mr. Porter's self-portrait. There are a few really interesting pictures—Mrs. Bell's still life, a picture of birds by Mr. Cedric Morris, one or two by Mr. Matthew Smith, Mr. William Roberts, Mr. Alfred Thornton, and others, who are both original and promising, but, owing to there being so many small pictures hung close together, many of them are difficult to see.

Things to see or hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, June 12.—Szigeti, violin recital, at 3.15, at Wigmore Hall.

Handel Festival, at 2.30, at Crystal Palace.

Sunday, June 13.—Mr. L. Eyre's "Martinique," Venturers Society, at the Shaftesbury.

Monday, June 14.—"When Others are Young" and "Down at the Farm," at Everyman.

"Riverside Nights," at Lyric, Hammersmith.

Chamber Concert, at 8.30, at Chenil Galleries.

Ivan Phillipowsky, piano recital, at 8.15, at Wigmore Hall.

Tuesday, June 15.—Miss Clemence Dane's "Granite," at the Ambassadors.

Pirandello's "The Pleasures of Honesty," by the A.D.C., at Cambridge.

Wednesday, June 16.—Mr. D. L'Estrange's "Downhill," at the Queen's.

Professor Radhakrishnan on "The Philosophic Basis of Hinduism," at 5.30, at King's College.

Thursday, June 17.—The London Trio, at 3, at Wigmore Hall.

Mr. Eustace Miles on "Malnutrition," at 6.15, at 40, Chandos Street.

Friday, June 18.—"A Midsummer Night's Dream," by O.U.D.S., at Oxford.

Kathleen Cruikshank, song recital, at 8.30, at Æolian Hall.

International Society for Contemporary Music, Fourth Festival at Zurich.

OMICRON.

THEATRES.

ALDWYCH. Gerr. 3929. EVENINGS, at 8.15.
MATINEES, WED. & FRI., at 2.30. LAST TWO WEEKS.

A CUCKOO IN THE NEST.

TOM WALLS. YVONNE ARNAUD. RALPH LYNN.

COURT. Sloane Square. Sloane 5137 (2 lines.)
NIGHTLY, at 8.15. MATINEES, WED., THURS. & SAT., at 2.15.

THE FARMER'S WIFE

THIRD YEAR AND LONDON'S LONGEST RUN.

CRITERION. EVENINGS, 8.40. MATS., TUES., SAT., 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST in
THE CAT'S-CRADLE.

DRURY LANE. EVENINGS, 8.15. MATS., WED. & SAT., 2.30.

ROSE MARIE. A Musical Play.

NELSON KEYS. EDITH DAY. DEREK OLDHAM.

FORTUNE. Ger. 3855. EVGS., at 8.15. MATS., WED., SAT., 2.30.

THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS.

By SEAN O'CASEY.

HIPPODROME, London Ger. 650.
EVENINGS, at 8.15. MATS., WED., THURS. & SAT., at 2.30.

MERCENARY MARY.

ALL SEATS BOOKABLE. BOX OFFICE 10 to 10

LITTLE. (Reg. 2401.) EVENINGS, at 8.30.
AUTUMN FIRE.

With GODFREY TEARLE. MATS., WED., FRI., 2.30.

LONDON PAVILION. (Ger. 0704.) NIGHTLY, at 8.15.

CHARLES B. COCHRAN'S REVUE (1926).

MATINEES, TUESDAY & SATURDAY, at 2.30.

LYRIC, Hammersmith. TUES. NEXT & EVERY EVENING, 8.30.

RIVERSIDE NIGHTS

Including a Ballet by Ashley Dukes, with Music by Eugene Goossens, entitled "A TRAGEDY OF FASHION," and "THE BALLAD OF BLACK-EYED SUSAN," by John Gay.

MATINEES, WED & SAT., at 2.30. (Riverside 3012.)

STRAND. (Ger. 3830.) Evgs., at 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Fri., at 2.15.

HEARTS AND DIAMONDS

A Musical Play adapted from The Orlov.

CINEMAS.

NEW GALLERY, Regent St. Regent 3212.

MONDAY, JUNE 14th, and all the week:

PRIMITIVE LOVE. The Life of an Esquimaux. Truth Stranger than Fiction.

POLYTECHNIC, Regent Street. (Mayfair 2530.)

THE COURT TREAT EXPEDITION FILM.

CAPE TO CAIRO.

DAILY, at 2.30, 6 & 8.30.

TIVOLI. Ger. 5222.

THE BIG PARADE

TWICE DAILY, 2.30 & 8.30. SUNDAY, 6 & 8.30.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

EPSTEIN EXHIBITION.

NEW SCULPTURE BY JACOB EPSTEIN.
LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Square.

10-6.

THE LONDON GROUP.

24th EXHIBITION OF PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.
54, PALL MALL EAST. June 5 to 25.

10 to 6.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

RATIONALISM AND RELIGION

ONE is inclined to say that there is no more fundamental difference in the human mind than that between a rationalist and a religious believer; the difference is far greater, far more unbridgeable, than that between a Conservative and a Liberal, a "patriot" (the new name, I believe, for a capitalist) and a Socialist. If you doubt the statement, read first "Essays on Religion," by A. Clutton-Brock (Methuen, 6s.), and then follow it up with "The Dynamics of Religion," by J. M. Robertson (Watts, New Edition, 7s. 6d.) and "The Religion of an Artist," by the Hon. John Collier (Watts, 1s.). Being a rationalist, I am on the side of Mr. Robertson and Mr. Collier, and the religious will therefore consider that this puts me out of court for discussing the subject. Perhaps it does, for it is a fact that I simply cannot understand the frame of mind in which the late Mr. Clutton-Brock wrote these essays. But that is in itself an interesting fact which one may endeavour to investigate impartially.

* * *

I start with the first conclusion which emerges from a study of the three books. On the surface all are equally rationalistic—that is to say, that Mr. Clutton-Brock is appealing to reason and argument just as much as Mr. Robertson and Mr. Collier. At first sight one might be tempted to say that the whole difference lies in the arguments; that one accepts or rejects, as the case may be, the evidence brought forward for or against the existence of a God. Up to a point, no doubt, this is true. For instance, in another little book just published, "Death-Bed Visions," by Sir William Barrett, F.R.S. (Methuen, 3s. 6d.), the whole question remains one of evidence and argument. Sir William Barrett has collected a large number of cases in which visions have been seen by dying persons, and it is apparently argued that here we have evidence of a future life. I differ entirely from Sir William Barrett, in this instance, as to the value of the facts; he regards the stories as good evidence, while to me they are completely worthless as evidence to prove anything. Take the first story which he gives on page 11. I do not doubt the good faith of the recorders of the incident, but you have only to examine the statements recorded to see that, in the most important points, their accounts do not agree, and that it is really impossible to say exactly what did happen. Yet this is the best attested case given in the book. Further, if every case were properly attested, they would still seem to me to prove nothing, although to Sir William Barrett they are good evidence of a future life. There are innumerable cases, just as well attested, of people who have seen the Devil, but they prove, not that the Devil exists, but that, if people believe sufficiently strongly in the existence of the non-existent, they will, in moments of abnormal strain or excitement, believe that they see the non-existent.

* * *

The difference between Mr. Clutton-Brock and the two rationalist writers is often of this evidential or logical nature. Mr. Collier's book, for instance, seems to me to be a model of conclusive or, at any rate, understandable argument, even when I do not agree with him—which is seldom. As a statement of liberal scepticism, atheism, or agnosticism, which is characteristic of most educated moderns, it could hardly be improved, though few would have the courage or the power to put it into words so clearly and modestly as

Mr. Collier has done. Again, in Mr. Robertson's extraordinarily learned and closely argued book (originally published in 1897 under the pseudonym of M. W. Wiseman), in which he investigates the question of how, since the Reformation, the Church has managed to keep going in the face of facts and criticism which would seem to lead inevitably to Mr. Collier's position, he rarely uses an argument which I think unsound, never one which I think ridiculous. Mr. Clutton-Brock's arguments, on the other hand, are to me not only often unsound, but simply silly. For instance, the argument from mathematics to theology in his essay on "The Logic of God" is based on a complete misapprehension of the nature of mathematics, and this makes not only his "logic of God" but the logic of the essay nonsense. Mr. Clutton-Brock was at one time a fluent and graceful (if superficial) writer on art and literature, but the fatal fluency and fluidity of the skilled journalist was his undoing. He was attacked by an infectious disease which is endemic and epidemic in Fleet Street and Printing House Square, the *morbus verbosus*. In this disease words multiply themselves indefinitely with little or no reference to meaning, and at any moment or on any subject the writer's—and, alas, the reader's—mind is overwhelmed by this malignant (in the medical sense), formless, meaningless growth of words.

* * *

But the difference between the rationalist or atheist and the believer is not merely logical. Mr. Robertson says that "the main forces in the making and the unmaking of Churches—which in turn maintain religions—are those of personal and pecuniary interest, not at all those of intellectual conviction," and again that "religious dynamics and statics are alike to be understood largely in terms of pecuniary interest." The whole of his book is a detailed proof of this thesis, and there can be little doubt that he does prove the immense influence which the endowment of the Church and the pecuniary interests thereby created have had in maintaining it and the widespread official, respectable religion—a kind of perpetual twilight of Christianity—with which we are all familiar. But that too is not the end of the story. The enormous vested interests of endowed Churches keep those Churches going, and the Churches again to a great extent keep religious beliefs going among "respectable" people. But in a minority of cases there is something else which makes a man a believer instead of an atheist. You can see it quite clearly in the case of Mr. Clutton-Brock. It would be absurd to say that, in his case, his religious beliefs sprang either from stupidity or from pecuniary interest. All these essays show that he was well aware that the facts were heavily on the side of Mr. Collier and Mr. Robertson. But, like a number of people, I think, he believed in God because he found it intolerable not to believe in God. He argued himself into the position in which he had to say that the universe is "cold, indifferent, meaningless to us" if there be no God; and then recoiling from the next step, from saying that the universe is cold, indifferent, and meaningless to us (as it so obviously is), he was left with the only alternative of believing in the existence of God. His religious belief therefore sprang from a revulsion of feeling against disbelief and against an inhuman universe; his essays are not very successful attempts *ex post facto* to find reasons for this irrational belief.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

MARX AND HISTORICAL PROPHECY

Historical Materialism. By NIKOLAI BUKHARIN. (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.)

THE fact that Marxist literature is troublesome to read should not stop those who want to know what is happening in the world from trying to understand it. Bukharin's "Historical Materialism" is a good specimen. It is an able book, and its thesis is important. English readers will dislike it for at least two reasons: its theological atmosphere and its assumption that a clearly determined, uncompromising philosophy is necessary and possible. It is undeniably aggravating to be subjected to so much doctrinal controversy. Throughout the book, whenever a concrete example is required to illustrate the argument, we are given instead an account of the "horrible" and "shameless" distortions of Marx's words by some "Honourable Social Democratic professor," some "vulgar, liberal eclectic," like Heinrich Cunow. Theological recrimination is a sure way of choking off the reader who is not bound to either sect.

The second difficulty lies not in the form, but in the substance. It is contrary to all the traditions of English method. We have long experience of the practical advantages of postponing thought till an issue compels action. In deciding the issue we are often able to avoid thinking about the underlying causes of the struggle. Books like this would compel us to face the suggestion that there is a fundamental antagonism between those who possess property and those who do not, and our industrial difficulties would tend to be decided with the bitterness that comes from an open class conflict. We boast that we solve our difficulties better than other people just because we never allow them to come to the surface. The essence of the Marxist doctrine is that, though this method may serve in many issues, in the one fundamental issue of class, compromises must ultimately fail and antagonism be openly admitted.

The main outlines of the thesis are familiar enough. Society is essentially a class structure: the basis of class is property-status, and the members of the classes as a whole act, in the long run, not from theoretical or religious motives, but from economic ones. History is a long record of struggle between classes, the dominant class being challenged by the rise of a new class within the structure of the existing order. The feudal society of the Middle Ages was burst asunder by the growth of a middle class, which did not fully triumph until the nineteenth century, when its own ascendancy began to be challenged in turn by the proletariat. In each case Bukharin argues that parties arise and revolutions take place as the result of changes in the forces of production. Finally, he claims that the full Communism, which is to be achieved when the transition period of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat is over, will be a "classless" society, and therefore permanent. This last point he leaves till the end of the book, and he seems to admit the danger that new classes may form during the transition period before Communism has been fully achieved. It is a vulnerable point in the argument. He seems mildly afraid that a class will be formed out of the present governors of Russia, though they are an administrative hierarchy, not an economic class. Probably he is more afraid of the larger peasant proprietors, who, once the land is theirs, are naturally opposed to Communism, and seem, in fact, already to be forming a new class in Russia. The "classless" Communism of the future, therefore, does not necessarily result from the destruction of the old bourgeoisie, but will only come into existence if, during the period of transition, no other economic classes are allowed to appear.

The historical process as a whole, it is argued, is "pre-determined" by economic facts from which predictable psychological relationships necessarily arise. Bukharin insists that a clear realization of this philosophy of history enabled Marxists to prophesy with accuracy both the war of 1914 and the Russian revolution. He does not, I think, mention the Italian revolution in this connection. Moreover, in Marxist theory the Russian revolution should have been the last, not the first, of the series, since there capitalism was so little developed and the proletariat propo-

tionately so weak. It was the absence of a strong bourgeoisie that enabled Russia to accomplish her two revolutions within a year. But there are more important objections to Bukharin's claims to be an infallible prophet. Among the exponents of the materialistic conception of history there is a sharp cleavage. Bukharin is an uncompromising adherent of the revolutionary interpretation, and a bitter antagonist of Kautsky, Cunow, and other German Marxists who believe in the possible triumph of the proletariat through gradual and Parliamentary means. He insists on translating the "Klassenkampf" as a "class-war," but he makes several admissions which suggest the possibility that the "class-conflict" need not always be solved in bloodshed. He does something to release himself from his own determinism.

In the first place, he admits that violent destruction, though typical of the proletarian revolution, might under special circumstances be dispensed with. For example, "after the proletariat has been victorious in the most important nations, the bourgeoisie may perhaps surrender with all its mechanism." Such exceptions are dangerous to absolute theories, and may lead to the discovery of others. In the second place, he admits the possibility of failure. "This may be the case, for example, when the opposing classes in a revolution are of about the same strength, making a victory impossible for either class." In this case the Society becomes "stagnant," like that of Spain, and is "doomed." Here we see at once the reason for hard work and Communist propaganda. Bolsheviks, like Calvinists, find determinism a spur to effort, not a reason for idleness. They know, in fact, that if success is "inevitable" it is only because the intensity of their belief renders it so. Moreover, it is clear that even in Russia, where the complete breakdown of the Government made revolution exceptionally easy, success was due to the exceptional quality of a few men, of whom Lenin was the chief. Without Lenin it is probable that the moment, ripe for victory, would have been lost. What certainty, then, is there that England, for instance, must sooner or later have a similar successful revolution? There is no sign in England of a group of "déclassés," intellectual, imaginative men who have lost or are likely to lose their natural human weakness and human compassion and become imbued with the single idea of revolution. It was men of this kind who led the proletariat to victory in Russia. In England we offer imagination an outlet in politics, or the "romance of business," or we give it scope in Empire-building, or even in Hyde Park agitation. Why, on Marx's own premises, is it impossible for England to avoid the violence of the proletarian revolution as she, in fact, unlike most other countries, avoided much of the violence of the bourgeoisie one? The English aristocracy were induced to give way (under threats, it is true) and made concessions which in course of time gave the reality of power to the bourgeoisie. Is it impossible that the Diehards may once again follow the example of the Duke of Wellington and prefer concession, even at the last minute, to the doubtful issue of violence?

Where there is, in truth, a fundamental divergence of interest there are three possible ways of dealing with it. There is the way advocated by Bukharin and, apparently by Mr. Churchill, of admitting the difference of interest and believing that complete victory of one side over the other is inevitable. There is the traditional English way of refusing to admit the divergence of interest, meeting each immediate issue that arises from it as "practical men," and so saving thought and excessive violence by compromise. By this means we spread our bourgeois revolution, which included one civil war, over a period of several centuries. So far we have adopted the same method in regard to proletarian discontent: it remains to be seen whether we shall continue to employ the same technique and, contrary to Bolshevik prophecy, avoid revolutionary upheaval. There is still a third method which has never been tried in politics on any extensive scale. It is the method of science, which would admit the divergence of interest and anticipate the struggle by a considered policy of adjusting relationships before passions had made radical and rational changes impossible. Such a policy needs not only a group of men capable of thinking scientifically, but also a party with a scientific policy in which it believes as intensely as Bukharin and his school believe in the revolution for which they work.

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WELSH POETS

Confessio Juvenis: Collected Poems. By RICHARD HUGHES.
(Chatto & Windus, 6s.)

The Bird of Paradise, and Other Poems. By W. H. DAVIES.
(Cape, 3s. 6d.)

AMONG the poets of a generation ago—a generation of events if not of years—the name of Edward Thomas persistently recurs as perhaps the only one of a fairly numerous group who contributed anything to the development of poetic sensibility. And by this we mean that he alone at that time realized the necessity for poetic form continually to renew itself by the incorporation of fresh idioms and the invention of new rhythms. It was a narrow and very limited advance—an advance that has since been belittled by the revolutionary technique of a younger generation. But it had this advantage: that it worked from a basis of commonly accepted perceptions. The new idiom was no more than a variation on an old theme.

Mr. Richard Hughes must be associated with Edward Thomas, not only familiarly, because he is a fellow-Welshman, but also directly, because his poetic technique is similar, both in its kind and limits, and also in its effects. The characteristics of Thomas's verse are a certain elliptic ruggedness, an attempt to shed the incumbrance of merely conjunctive words, and, by bare substantival diction, achieve a rhythm nearer to the nature of things. These also are the characteristics of Mr. Hughes's verse:—

"Snow wind-whipt to ice
Under a hard sun:
Stream-runnels curdled hoar
Crackle, cannot run.

"Robin stark dead on twig,
Song stiffened in it:
Fluffed feathers may not warm
Bone-thin linnet . . ."

But these similarities are not indicated in any petulant spirit. It is quite legitimate to take up another poet's technique and develop it through the channel of a new personality—especially when there is the additional excuse of nationality! And there are varieties in Mr. Hughes's verse which are all his own: he is always individual, even when his technique is apparently imitative; and, generally speaking, his technique is always adequate. "Generally speaking"—for occasionally a consciousness of his function betrays him into an excess of attitude or gesture. The following is a beautiful poem, impressive and complete:—

"A flawless tall mirror,
Glass dim and green;
And a tall, dim figure
There was between:

"Pale, so pale her face
As veils of thin water;
And her eyes water-pale,
And the moonlight on her:

"And she was dying, dying;
She combed her long hair,
And the crimson blood ran
In the fine gold there."

But to this poem of three verses Mr. Hughes adds a rhetorical introduction and theoretical conclusion that tend to spoil the effect. It is always difficult for a poet to trim his inspiration to its pure æsthetic needs, but when the material is so actual and objective as it is here, and in the best of Mr. Hughes's poems, this strict ordinance of economy is essential.

We have implied in this criticism that Mr. Hughes's verse is of a visual, sensational order. His fancy is vivid, not vague, and that is as fancy should be. Any further criticism must probe deeper into the limits of fancy and the limitless possibilities of poetry. It is not necessary to be so solemn on the present occasion. For in his last poem Mr. Hughes makes a frank and disarming confession. He reviews all the most vivid of his sensational memories, the stuff of his youthful poems, and then admits:—

"But all these things I don't mistake for living,
Nor bombast about them for creative writing,
—Romantics, largely spun from my own stomach,
Samples snipped from an enormous fabric:
Though greatly moving me—part of my substance.
Now, coming to manhood, I know I have plunged no
deeper
Into thought or doing than a kitten

Trying to dare to pat an electric fan.
And like that kitten, most I do is prompted
By uneasy twitchings in my tail's tip.
Surely it's now high time that something happened,
Something snapped somewhere, and I entered in;
—Ceased to be like the man who painted in the dark,
Then called for a light to see what he had painted."

Not many poets are capable of such self-realization, such self-valuation and criticism. But it is the preliminary of all fundamentally creative work, and the measure of Mr. Hughes's ability for the more difficult poetry of the mind.

"The Bird of Paradise" is a reprint of the volume first issued in 1914. It contains some of the best verse ever written by Mr. Davies, and that should be a sufficient commendation to those who know his work, but do not yet possess this sample of it. Mr. Davies is another Welshman, and another sensational poet. But he differs from Edward Thomas and Mr. Hughes in a greater humaneness (for even if he is not explicitly humane, he is always revealing his own humanity) and in a lack of technical curiosity. This lack is our loss, but a loss we can easily bear so long as the old rhythms produce such poetry as these lines from "The Moon"—

"Though there are birds that sing this night
With thy white beams across their throats,
Let my deep silence speak for me
More than for them their sweetest notes:
Who worships thee till music fails,
Is greater than thy nightingales."

HERBERT READ.

THE MAKING OF SCAPEGRACES

Youth in Conflict. By MIRIAM VAN WATERS, Ph.D.
(Methuen, 7s. 6d.)

The Truth About Borstal. By SYDNEY A. MOSELEY. (Palmer, 6s.)

WHEN Jove thundered and Boreas blew, when the whimsies of a dryad dictated the growth of an oak, or the love of Alpheus for Arethusa shaped the courses of their streams, natural science had an easy time. So long as wanton will can be called upon to "explain" what happens, no awkward questions can be asked of professors, and practitioners may go smoothly on in a rule-of-thumb routine. Whilst lunacy was caused by devils to be managed by whips and chains, the keeper of a madhouse needed to trouble himself but little with study; such troubles, and his career as a specialist, began when science laid claims to consider the nature of the disease. This gradual invasion of the realm of the unconditioned will is now spreading to the region of more or less normal human conduct, or at least of human misconduct. "Why does Freddy prefer to sleep under railway arches when he has a warm bed at home?" "Because he is a naughty boy," went the simple nursery lore. But even nursery certitude has been faltering for a generation.

"The Child who is not clean and neat
With lots of toys and things to eat,
He is a naughty child, I'm sure,
Or else his dear papa is poor."

The doubt suggested by this "or else" has grown into a vast amount of vague discomfort with our old-fashioned treatment of all those whose behaviour is not "clean and neat," and into a certain amount of really valuable research into the causes of misconduct. To this research Dr. Van Waters's book is an important contribution. Not that she will allow us to consider her work as a scientific treatise. She repeatedly insists that social work is an art, yet an art that must be based on science. She says:—

"Science, with all its mistakes and false values, still remains the fittest instrument with which to delve into secrets of human behaviour. It alone possesses requisite impersonality and far-sightedness."

though she is well aware that such science is in its early infancy, that many "cases" defy both diagnosis and treatment with our present knowledge—

"the trouble is that we have minor scientists as well as minor poets. The authentic voice in the science of human behaviour has simply not arisen."

Dr. Van Waters is evidently well read in the "Behaviourist" psychology. She has also immense practical knowledge as "Referee" in the Children's Court at Los Angeles. Not the least amazing thing revealed by the



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SOME ASPECTS OF ITS WORK

I.—THE CARE OF BLIND BABIES AND GENERAL EDUCATION OF THE BLIND.

The National Institute for the Blind is the largest institute of its kind in the world. Its object is to benefit the blind from birth to old age by developing their inner vision. How this is accomplished will be described on this page week by week.

The Care and Training of Blind Babies.—Recognising that "the child is father to the man," the Institute maintains three "Sunshine" Homes for Blind Babies—at Chorley Wood, Herts., Southport, Lancs., and Leamington Spa, Warwickshire — of which H.R.H. Princess Beatrice is President. In these Homes babies blind from birth are cared for and trained amongst ideal surroundings during the first five all-important years of existence. The babies are taught "to see with the fingers" by specially adapted kindergarten methods, and leave the Homes thoroughly competent to enter schools for the blind as happy, normal, robust, and intelligent children. To see the little "Sunshine" babies in their tubs, playing in their "Jazz" band, building sand-castles by the sea, gathering flowers in the meadows, on friendly terms with pigs and horses and cows, is healing medicine for the most confirmed pessimist.

Chorley Woods College for Girls.—Near "Sunshine House" at Chorley Wood is the College for the Higher Education of Girls with little or no sight. Here, in a beautiful building presented to the Institute, blind girls are provided with a first-class education on public school lines. From mathematics and languages to sports and gymnastics, every possible item of higher education is included in the curriculum, and special attention is given to the cultivation of that *esprit de corps* so essential in a scholastic, business or social career. H.R.H. Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles is President of the College.

Models and Maps.—In the general education of the blind, the Institute is naturally much interested. To all types of schools for the blind, educational models of objects so far apart as a buffalo and a balloon are loaned, while contour maps and embossed globes are provided for blind teachers and pupils alike, so that a knowledge of "geography by touch" can be imparted and acquired.

Braille.—The adequate education of the blind would be impossible without Braille, an embossed type which is read by the fingers. It may be considered as the sun of the blind world. The basis of Braille is a group of six dots, like the six dots of a domino. By means of these six dots, variously arranged, the blind can read or write all words, numerals and music. Sixty-three separate designs can be made by the dots, and their inter-combination is inexhaustible. Braille can be written by hand. In this way single copies of special text books are prepared, either by sighted volunteers, or by the blind themselves from dictation. The Institute has a valuable library for students of such manuscript books.

(To be continued next week.)

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book is that any community should be lucky enough to get such a woman in such a position.

Her calm wisdom, her almost terrifying inability to be shocked, pilot us with perfect frankness through an incredible world. We see the Puritan mode of life in final disintegration under the Californian sun (thousands of families have no home but their Ford car), and her book is well worth reading for its vivid picture of this fantastic world alone, which seems to us hardly less unreal than the films which it produces.

The young things who come before her children's court could give points in crime and vice to Shoreditch and Leicester Square. Beside their feats of "putting guns upon" policemen, raiding stores, shooting their paramours, and forging cheques, the paltry pilferings of our poor little sinners look almost virtuous.

The conflict between the needs of childhood and the "civilization" into which they are born is in stronger relief there than with us, but its results are similar. In this clear light Dr. Van Waters has not only seen, but photographed for us in portrait after portrait, the profound connection between internal discomfort and external delinquency:—

"Maladjustment of young people appears in varying guise; now as failure in school, or home, now as illness, 'nervous prostration,' sudden 'breakdowns,' suicide, mental and emotional disorders, again as acts of delinquency. The organism is seeking its goal. The method it selects to meet life may destroy it and injure society. In last analysis delinquency is a public health problem."

It is not only law-breaking but intellectual dullness which may result from the unhappiness of the home (and our author points out again and again that the "respectable" home is often the worst of misfits to the child's needs).

"Could one expect some miniature Hamlet, brooding over knowledge of his mother's infidelity, to be alert on the subject of fractions, or would young Oedipus be absorbed in such a story as the 'Rape of the Lock'?"

Sometimes it is a less tragic misunderstanding which puts a child wrong with his elders:—

"A dreaming boy of eleven failed so repeatedly in his arithmetic that he was promoted . . . in order that his teacher might be rid of him. A new teacher noticed his dropped head and stammering tongue, his really remarkable ability to commit all mathematical errors possible, and she tried to draw him out. The boy had discovered that words made a fool of him, so he was silent. After several weeks of security, for the new teacher let him alone, he was asked:—

"What is it you think about most when we are doing arithmetic?"

"I was figuring out how thin it could be."

"Yes," said the teacher quietly, in a moment of rare insight, "what would you do with it?"

"Why the fish could live there," said the boy. It was discovered that this boy was a shy naturalist, devoted to life interests of finny and crawling creatures. He was absorbed in the mental building of an aquarium. In a few months he was on his feet, with chalk and pointer, demonstrating not only arithmetic, but properties of fluids and solids to the class."

Quotation is hardly fair to this book: its theories are not perhaps very new, but the warmth of human wisdom with which they are presented, the detailed analysis of the relations between youth and maturity, make it a really remarkable production. The world would be a much decenter and happier place if every teacher, every magistrate, every probation officer, every social worker, and most parents read it not once, but annually. The prescription would not be a painful one, for, in spite of some angularities of style (amongst them a peculiar neglect of the definite article), some repetitions and a few rather wordy passages, in spite of occasions when a glossary would be useful to explain such mysteries as "shooting craps" or "Lounge-lizard daddy," in spite even of the terrifying array of "agencies" and charities which it describes, it is readable.

After such a book as this "The Truth About Borstal" is very small beer indeed. It is a piece of well-intentioned journalism, inspired by compassion, but uninformed by experience. Some of Mr. Moseley's criticisms are justified; some, we think, would be removed by further knowledge. But of the profounder problems offered by any attempt to deal *en masse* with threatened failures there is no hint. If, however, one wishes for a fairly accurate survey of the outer facts of our Borstal system he can find it here.

S. M. FRY.

FICTION

Two or Three Graces, and Other Stories. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. (Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d.)

How to Write Short Stories, with Samples By RING W. LARDNER. (Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d.)

Gullible's Travels, &c. By RING W. LARDNER. (Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d.)

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. The Illuminating Diary of a Professional Lady. By ANITA LOOS. (Brentano, 7s. 6d.)

A Peakland Faggot. The Collected Short Stories of R. MURRAY GILCHRIST. With a Preface by EDEN PHILLIPOTS. (Faber & Gwyer, 8s. 6d.)

Raw Life. By ALFONS PETZOLD. Translated by E. BENNETT. (Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d.)

MR. HUXLEY'S latest volume consists of a novelette of about two hundred pages, and three short stories. The novelette, "Two or Three Graces," is one of the best stories Mr. Huxley has ever written. It is also his most sympathetic piece of work thus far; he has taken in it a great step forward, from surprise and amusement at his characters to understanding of them; and the result is that the story is far more solidly constructed than any of his other ones. For surprise and amusement are feelings which only ask to be fed, and the writer must therefore improvise continuously situations which will minister to them. Accordingly he will present a succession of effective scenes, not the situation or the development which, accepted, makes the story of necessity organic, gives it form as well as significance. In "Those Barren Leaves," Mr. Huxley had begun to take his characters more seriously, was struggling towards an understanding of them; but his attempt was partly sentimental, as almost all new attempts are. In the present volume the sentimentality has largely disappeared, and Mr. Huxley is left in possession of a new power which is potentially far more significant than any he has shown before. His imagination is not free yet; but it pervades this story as it pervades none of his others, and in some of the scenes between Grace Peddley and Kingham it is intense and sustained. Where Mr. Huxley remains weak is in the delineation of character. Grace Peddley is more real than any of his other characters, but she is not quite real. Truly observed as far as she goes, she is not observed with enough exactitude. Kingham, on the other hand, is not a character at all, in spite of Mr. Huxley's sympathetic understanding. At the beginning we think he is going to be the best character in the story, but he deteriorates into a sketch of a public figure whom everybody will recognize—and then good-bye to imaginative reality, for we immediately begin to think of the original and not of Kingham at all. Why a work of imagination should become unreal as soon as we recognize behind the characters the models from which they are drawn it is not easy to say. Partly, no doubt, because all imaginative art is a kind of illusion, and the illusion, therefore, must not be destroyed. But partly, too, because if the model is given not merely in his essential nature, as he should be, but in his actions and turns of speech, the imagination, which would otherwise have to consider him profoundly, and deduce from that contemplation his hypothetically true actions and speeches, has nothing to work on and becomes feeble and unconvincing. Grace is more true than Kingham because we feel Mr. Huxley had not so much obviously usable data to work on; where she is least convincing is where she uses phrases and expresses sentiments which Mr. Huxley's readers have probably heard before and noted. This fault is not the characteristic quality of the story, but the flaw which prevents it from being as excellent as it should be. The essential thing to note is that it has qualities, imperfect as yet, of a depth and seriousness which Mr. Huxley has not shown before.

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In his introduction to the late R. Murray Gilchrist's collected short stories, Mr. Eden Phillpotts claims that Gilchrist has not had the degree of recognition he deserved. One doubts it. These stories are already so outmoded, in mood and treatment they are so remote from us, almost so odd, that it is hard to believe they were once considered admirable. In nearly all of them the situation is a little strained, the feeling a little sentimental. Most of them are so brief that they give a sense more of incompleteness than of economy. Their construction is mechanical, their constituents are too carefully, too prudently, chosen. The formula is everything, and it is on the whole an inadequate and precious formula. Technically these stories are conscientious, but that is about all.

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Mr. Hellyar's study adds little to our knowledge of Barbellion. It is difficult to see how it could, since everything has already been said in the "Journal," and in the "Last Diary." Nevertheless, his enthusiasm is commendable, and it would be impossible to read what he says without referring to Barbellion's work itself, and that, surely, should be the aim of any study of this kind. There is an interesting chapter on "Self-Confession," where he compares Barbellion with four other writers whose work he read with enthusiasm and whose influence is remarkable in certain passages of the "Journal." Barbellion was obviously perturbed to find such strong resemblances to himself in Marie Bashkirtseff and James Joyce, and it is unnecessary to emphasize certain affinities between him and Stephen Daedalus, just as it was uncritical of Mr. Hellyar to forget

that Marie Bashkirtseff was a woman, and because he is nauseated by her abominable selfishness to dismiss the idea that she might have influenced Barbellion. When Mr. Hellyar gives way to his feelings, as in the example just quoted, or when he exalts Barbellion's life above Greek tragedy, he is doing more harm than good. The impulse of the reader is to damn Barbellion and go to the shelves for an Æschylus, or even the unfortunate Bashkirtseff. Happily, such passages are rare, and, on the whole, the little that Mr. Hellyar has been able to do is well done.

As we have said before, he introduces the reader to Barbellion's work. At his best, Barbellion is a delightful companion, not only in the "Journal," but also in the essays, collected under the title of "Enjoying Life." He is most interesting when some experience compels him to forget that he is a dying man, when, for instance, he falls in love, or when the curiosity of the naturalist overcomes the unhealthy questionings of the invalid. In passages of this kind he exposes the most valuable and enduring qualities of the observations he made upon himself and his attitude to life; valuable, because they can be related to the experience of any individual, and may assist him to discover in Barbellion things he had but dimly perceived in himself; enduring, in that they are no longer the unique observations of a man suffering from a fatal disease, but the vivid expression of a normal person. It is certain that Barbellion took more into the grave with him than he left in the three volumes of his collected works. Before his final illness we find him planning for the future a new "Comédie humaine," while his researches in zoology were to be undertaken on a far larger scale than it was possible for him to realize in that grim mausoleum at South Kensington. His mind was unusually well adjusted for accurate observation, and he loved that branch of science too well ever to become a pedant. A final entry in the "Last Diary" will explain what we mean: "Rupert Brooke said the brightest thing in the world was a leaf with the sun on it. God pity his ignorance! The brightest thing in the world is a Ctenophore in a glass jar standing in the sun."

ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

MESSRS. JARROLDs publish a translation of the Catalan prose classic "Blanquerna" of Ramón Lull by Professor Allison Peers (30s.). This work, written in the first years of the fourteenth century, has not before been translated into English. Messrs. Chatto & Windus publish in the Mediaeval Library a translation of "Beowulf" into English verse with introduction and notes by D. H. Crawford (5s.).

In "The Romantic '90's" (Putnam, 10s. 6d.), Mr. le Gallienne records his reminiscences of Meredith, Swinburne, Morris, Wilde, Stevenson, Beardsley, and others. A very different book of journalistic reminiscences of the years 1919 to 1925 is "The Cockpit of Peace," by Ferdinand Tuohey (Murray, 7s. 6d.).

"The Venture Book," by Elinor Mordaunt (Bodley Head, 15s.), is a travel book about the Pacific by the well-known novelist. "Four Years Beneath the Crescent," by Rafael de Nogales (Scribners), is a book of travel and adventure, for the author, a Venezuelan, served in the Turkish army from 1915 to 1919.

"Charles Buller and Responsible Government," by E. M. Wrong (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 15s.), is an interesting book to students of Colonial policy. It contains a short life of Buller and a reprint of "Responsible Government for Colonies" and of his essay "Sir Charles Metcalfe in Canada."

"In London's Shadows," by Rev. Frank L. Jennings (Heath Cranton, 6s.), recounts the experiences of "the doss-house parson," for Mr. Jennings spent six weeks as a vagrant "among the outcasts" of London. It is a companion volume to Mrs. Chesterton's book recently reviewed in these columns. "Criminal Paris," by Netley Lucas (Hurst & Blackett, 12s. 6d.), deals with the "darker side"—and quarters—of Paris. In "Rogues and Others" (Duckworth, 10s. 6d.), Charles Arrow, an ex-Chief Inspector of the C.I.D., has some good stories about crimes and criminals.

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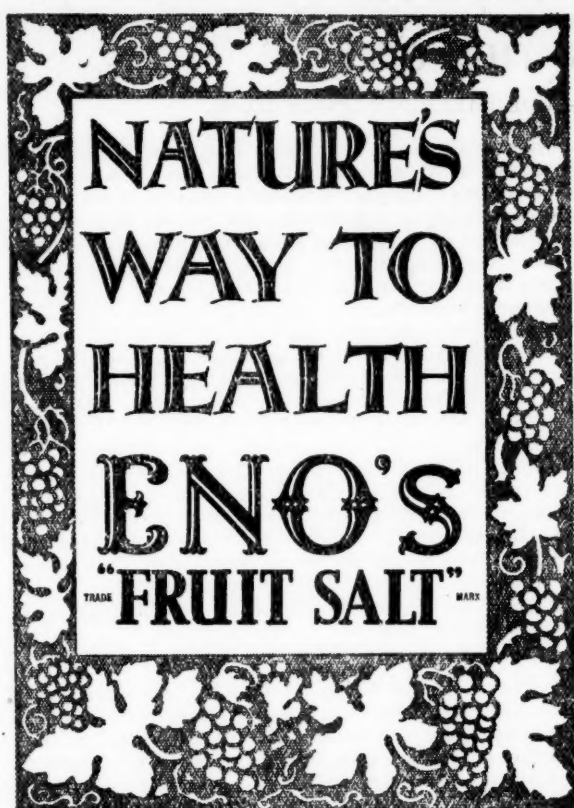
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FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

NEW ISSUES—TOBACCO BONUS—COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE.

B RITISH and India Government funds have been suffering from the competition of attractive new issues. On Monday of this week there was a heavy over-subscription of the £4,000,000 State of San Paulo 7½ per cent. Coffee Loan offered at 97½. On Tuesday of this week the Government of Victoria rushed in to emulate the success of the New Zealand issue by offering £3,000,000 of 5 per cent. Stock at 98½ without a word said of the financial position of the borrower. The terms for redemption were not quite so favourable as those of the New Zealand stock, but the issue called out the "stags" and was heavily over-subscribed. As the new issues last month were only £10,888,000, against £33,748,000 in May, 1925, it cannot yet be said that the pace is being overdone. But British funds are also affected by the fact that the longer the coal strike continues, the fainter becomes the prospect of a reduction in Bank rate, and the clearer becomes the prospect of increased taxation next year. An early settlement of the coal dispute would probably have led to a reduction in Bank rate to 4½ per cent.

* * *

The outstanding feature of markets has been the rise in the tobacco group. Carreras (old shares), which we recommended on March 6th at £12½, touched £14½ this week. British-American and Imperial, which could have been bought at 111s. 6d. and 9s. 6d. during the strike, have risen to 128s. 6d. and 110s. 6d. respectively, on the declaration by the British-American of a bonus of one new share for every four held, and the offer of one new share at the price of £1 for every five held. As we write, B.A.T.'s are reacting and Imperials are rising, as the speculative holders of the former are taking profits and buying Imperials for the next "bonus" chance.

* * *

The BANKERS' MAGAZINE stated that "historians of the Great Strike would search in vain the records of movements on Stock Exchange securities for the expression of any great effect produced by the ten days' industrial upheaval upon market values." The truth is that the collapse of the General Strike has had a sentimental effect which is out of all proportion to its importance. The feeling of relief at the failure of "revolution" has expressed itself in an optimism which is hardly justified by economic conditions. The securities' index numbers of the INVESTORS' CHRONICLE for May 31st showed that during the month rises occurred in the iron and steel group (4.2 points), coal (3.1 points), and railways (1.4 points). In fact, the index figures for all groups of business securities were higher, except those of newspapers and silk. The index for all gilt-edged securities was .8 points higher at 100.5, and for all business securities 2.2 higher at 112.7. Only the index for all speculative securities, following upon losses in rubber, tea, and tin shares, was lower. Surely undue optimism is manifested if industrial stocks rise in a period when the numbers registered at unemployment exchanges rose from 982,000 to 1,517,700, quite apart from the coal miners on strike, the 358,000 men otherwise employed in the coal industry, and 50,000 others involved in the General Strike who cannot obtain re-employment.

* * *

Two companies whose securities we recommended this year have issued good reports. The International Sleeping Car Company is paying 40 per cent. tax free for 1925, against 32 per cent. in the previous year. It earned sufficient last year to cover the interest on the bonds outstanding more than eight times, although the new services which the last two issues of sterling bonds provided for are not yet in full operation. On February 20th we called attention to the fact that the 6 per cent.

sterling bonds, which were issued this year at 96, could be purchased at 2½ discount. We regarded them then as under-valued. They are now standing at 95 ex-dividend, and seem likely to appreciate further. On May 1st we drew attention to Hudson's Bay Company's Ordinary shares, remarking that the resumption of dividend payments from the Land Account was probable this year. On June 7th the Company happily announced a distribution of 3½ per cent. out of the Land Account, and a final distribution out of the Profit and Loss Account of 5 per cent. and a bonus of 5 per cent., making a total distribution from trade for the year of 20 per cent. The dividend out of the Land Account is not subject to taxation, so that total distribution works out at 26.15 per cent., giving a yield of £5 7s. 6d. per cent. on the shares now standing at £5. A progressive increase may now be expected in the dividends from the Land Account. Sales of land for the quarter ended April 30th amounted to £185,099, the largest for any quarter since 1920, while for the twelve months April 21st, they amounted to £429,285, an increase of £289,184. The average land revenue for the years 1911 to 1914 was £342,255.

* * *

The shares of Columbia Graphophone Company, after being stationary for about a year, have recently moved up from 44s. to 46s. The price includes a final dividend of 12½ per cent. and a bonus of 20 per cent., amounting to 3s. 3d. or 2s. 7.2d. net. The new shares are quoted at 44s. 6d., and include about 2s. 0 2-9d. dividend. Allowing for the dividends, the shares, which are of the par value of 10s., yield a little over 9 per cent. on the basis of last year's total distribution of 40 per cent. From the report and balance-sheet for the year ending March 31st, 1926, which have just been issued, it would appear that the shares are under-valued. The financial position is strong—Cash, £88,741; War bonds, £70,000; debtors, £163,284; and stocks and work in progress, £44,991, give a total of £367,016, against creditors, £89,914. Trade marks, patents, goodwill, &c., have been written down to £1, while the share premium reserve is £76,729, and the tax reserve £43,437. The issued capital consists of £250,000 ordinary shares of 10s. each, and £300,000 in 7 per cent. cumulative £1 preference shares. The ordinary share capital was increased in June, 1925, by an issue of £50,000 in 10s. shares at a premium of £1. The profits of £150,825 earned last year were the equivalent of 46 per cent. on the present ordinary share capital, after allowing for the preference dividends of £21,000, and the liberal amount reserved for taxation. The feature of the balance-sheet which is of speculative interest for the investor is the item of "Investments in associated companies" of £435,167. This refers to the Company's holding in Columbia (International), Ltd., which was formed in October, 1925, to take over the Company's foreign interests, including the controlling interest in the Columbia Phonograph Company of New York, Carl Lindstrom of Berlin, and Transoceanic Trading Company of Amsterdam. The Columbia Graphophone Company now controls through Columbia (International) eleven foreign enterprises operating in France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Poland, U.S.A., Argentina, and Brazil. Excepting the Dutch and the German, these foreign Companies have not yet reached the dividend-paying stage. The American concern, for example, had to be completely reconstructed, and its methods of business reorganized on the lines which have proved successful in this country. At the General Meeting this week the Chairman stated that it was now earning profits. In another two years, if not before, shareholders of Columbia Graphophone should begin to reap the fruits of these foreign enterprises.

